

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 326—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

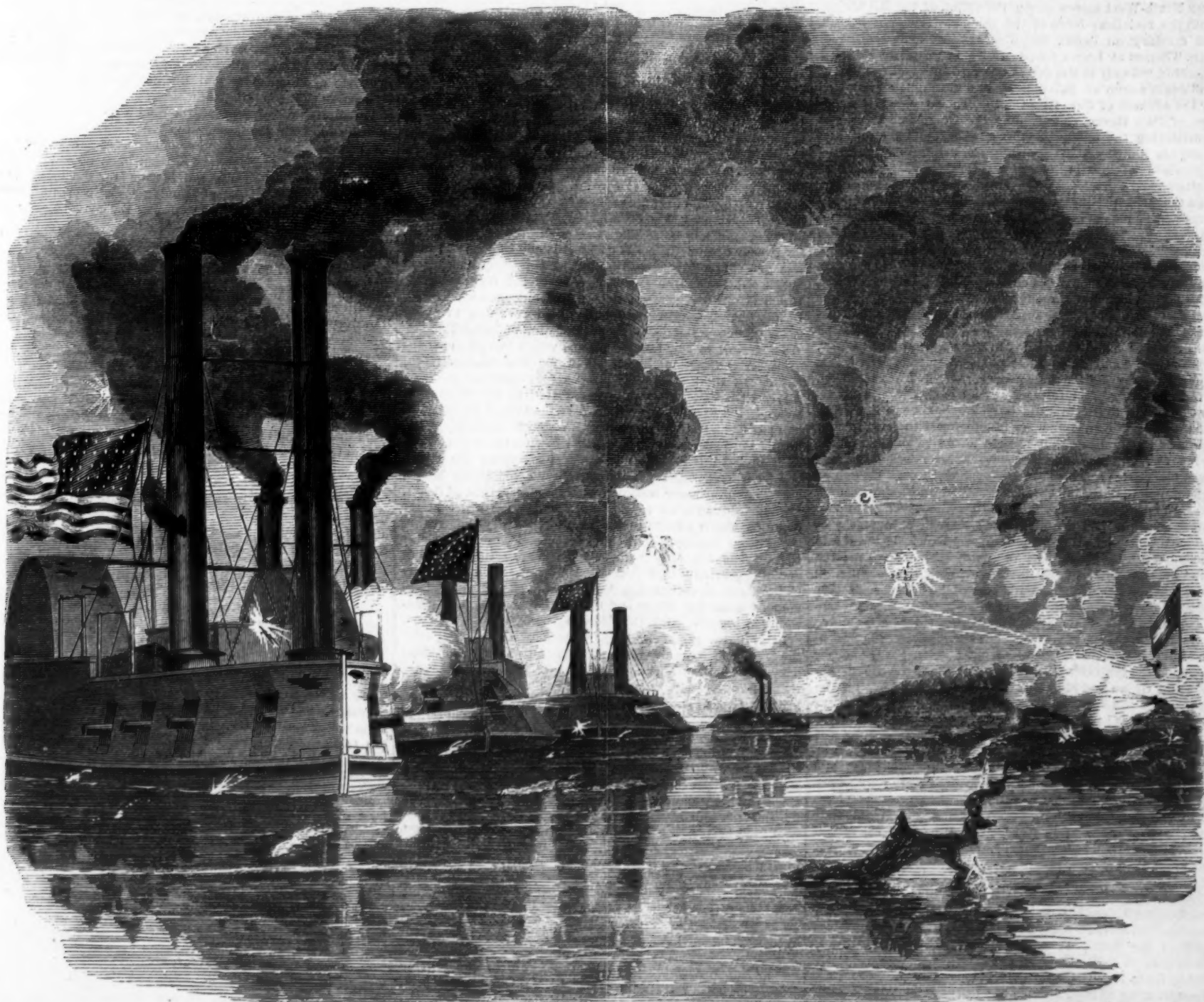
THERE has been a social innovation at the White House, and the experiment has been a brilliant success. Hitherto there have been but two variations in the social amenities of that establishment, namely State dinners and "receptions"—the former dedicated to the entertainment principally of Foreign Ministers and heads of Departments, the latter to "the people" in the widest acceptance of the term. In other words, "a reception" consists in throwing open the Presidential mansion to every one high or low, gentle or ungente, washed or unwashed who chooses to go, and the net result is always a promiscuous, horrible jam, a species of social mass-meeting. They have been made thus indiscriminate from a false deference to the false notion of democratic equality, which certainly is practised by no private family, however humble, and which no one has a right to exact from that of the President.

On ordinary occasions, when comparatively few people

are in Washington, the receptions, bad enough at best, are still endurable by people of sharp elbows and destitute of corns, and who don't object to a faint odor of whiskey; but now when the city is filled to overflowing, and military operations have called there thousands where there were formerly only tens, all anxious to visit the White House and catch a glimpse of the President—under these altered conditions, the horrors of a reception have been augmented past endurance, and to a degree repelling the refined and better portion of the residents, temporary or permanent, in the Capitol.

To call these around her, and meet a social exigency which all recognized, and at the same time to pay a graceful tribute to the most distinguished among the men, and the most beautiful and brilliant among the women in Washington, Mrs. Lincoln hit upon the expedient of a Presidential Party, in the same sense, and under such conditions as a party is understood and practised by respectable people in private life. To that end cards of invitation were issued to

about 500 persons, or as many as the Presidential mansion could readily accommodate without confusion, for Wednesday evening February 5th, and the result was, as we have said, a complete success. The gathering, whether in respect of the intellect, attainment, position, beauty and elegance of those composing it, was equally remarkable and brilliant. Among the men, it comprised all the heads of Departments, the leading members of both Houses of Congress, the divisional commanders of the army of the Potomac, and the Foreign Ministers, besides a considerable number of men distinguished in art, science and literature, sojourning for the time being in the city. Among the ladies present were the female members of the families of these eminent personages, embracing among them an amount of beauty of face and grace of form, brilliancy of intelligence, tastefulness of dress, and general elegance, probably never before equalled on this Continent. Indeed, no European Court or capital can compare with the Presidential circle and the society of Washington, this winter, in the fresh-



THE WAR IN THE WEST—THE NATIONAL GUNBOATS, COMMANDED BY FLAG OFFICER FOOTE, BOMBARDING FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE RIVER, FEBRUARY 6.—SEE PAGE 214.

ness and beauty of its women. The North, while it has confessedly been possessed of even more than its numerical proportion of beautiful and accomplished women, has never before been in a social supremacy. The power which controlled the Government has been altogether Southern, and society has always taken the same hue. But all that is changed now, and the dingy, sprawling city on the Potomac is bright with the blue of Northern eyes, and the fresh, rosy glow of Northern complexions.

(Continued on page 213.)

Baraun's American Museum.

COMMODORE NUTT.—THE \$30,000 NUTT! has been cracked at the Museum, and the Ker-nel proves to be of the richest kind. Over 50,000 persons visited the little Commodore the first week of his exhibition! and hundreds repeat their visits day after day, so enamored are they with the fascinating man in miniature, the smallest ever known, and the most attractive and pleasing. He is to be shown at all hours, day and evening, as are also the Living Hippopotamus, Whale, Aquaria, &c., &c.; and at 8 and 7 o'clock P. M. daily the Fairy Play "Ondina, or the Naiad Queen," is produced.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 10 City Hall Square, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also, FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy..... 17 weeks.....\$1 00
One do..... 1 year..... 2 50
Two do..... 1 year..... 4 00
Three do..... 1 year..... 6 00
Five do..... 1 year (to one address)..... 10 00
And an Extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

THE beautiful story of

THE WOMAN I LOVED,

AND

THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME,

Illustrated by the popular artist, Mr. Keene, will be continued in our next.

The North-West to the Rescue!

THE North-West moves down the valley of the Mississippi with the resistless force of the glacier—slowly, it is true, but crushing all before it. The brilliant achievement of Gen. Thomas at Logan Cross Roads, in Eastern Kentucky, resulting not only in the defeat but also in the dispersion of Zollicoffer's army of 15,000 men, has been quickly followed by the advance of Gen. Grant into Tennessee, and the capture of Fort Henry, commanding the Tennessee river, and constituting the only protection of the Bowling Green and Memphis Railway, the supporting line between the rebel strongholds of Bowling Green and Columbus. Here, as at Hatteras and Port Royal, the naval arm did the work and won the principal glory. The fort, defended by 20 heavy guns and 17 mortars, was taken, as will be seen by a full account elsewhere published in our columns, by seven of the National gunboats of the Mississippi flotilla, under Com. Foote, in a little over an hour and a quarter after the first gun was fired. Never was a corresponding work undertaken with greater coolness, or executed with greater quickness and precision. The land forces of the expedition had disembarked four miles below the fort, and notwithstanding they made all haste to assail it in the rear, yet half an hour before they could reach their position Foote's gallant tars had raised the National flag over the rebel works. Gen. Grant, however, unlike Butler at Hatteras, did not rush off to Cincinnati, to cackle from hotel balconies, nor like Sherman, at Port Royal, commence burrowing in the earth under cover of the gunboats, but pushed ahead in pursuit of the flying foe, and in order to secure some substantial good from the victory. The result shows what may be gained by prompt action and enterprise. The retreating enemy, pressed close, flung away his arms by thousands, and up to latest accounts had abandoned not less than 14 pieces of field artillery, and still the pursuit went on! If the rebels escape at all, it will only be to scatter hopelessly over the country, or to fall back on Bowling Green and Nashville, an unarmed and demoralized mob, carrying panic and despair into the main body of the rebel army.

Nor does Com. Foote seem to have been disposed to give time for the enemy to recover his spirits, recruit his forces, and build new defences in front; but has also pushed ahead, reducing the batteries above Fort Henry to the line of the Bowling Green and Memphis Railway, thus cutting off the communication between Polk, at Columbus, and Johnson, at Bowling Green; and enabling Grant to threaten both in the rear, while Buell and Halleck advance on them from the front.

Altogether, we regard the battle of Logan Cross Roads and the capture of Fort Henry as conjointly of more importance than all the other military operations of the war. They have established the superiority of our arms in the West. We have won every fight in Kentucky. Wild Cat, Ivy Mountain, Munfordsville, Prestonsburg, Logan Cross Roads and the affair at Fort Henry—all were victories, against which the rebels cannot oppose a single success of any description. They have all been furthermore useful victories—not barren achievements, ending in the occupation of miasmatic swamps and storm-wracked sandy beaches. All honor to the men of the North-West! Theirs are the laurels of Rich-Mountain, of Wilson's Creek, Belmont and Fredricktown, and to them the nation turns as its deliverer. While the gigantic army of the Potomac suffocates hopelessly in mud, and Burnside's keels stick fast in the sands of Hatteras; while Sherman dawdles indecisively at Port Royal, and Butler's forces yawn despairingly on the dreary waste of Ship

Island; while, in a word, incompetence and inaction, not to say corruption and treason, rule in the East, the young West, the stalwart son of an effete sire, moves onward from triumph to triumph, and presses back the black rebellion with Sampsonian power. God speed the Armies of the West!

The Newspaper Tax.

THE injustice of the proposed tax on newspapers is so obvious, that we are not surprised that it meets with less and less favor the more it is considered and discussed. Apart from the certainty that one of its results would be to raise the price of the daily newspapers one-half, at a time when every one wants to have them, and have them cheaply, its value as a financial measure is far from clear. We are pleased to see that Mr. Colfax, Chairman of the Committee on Postal Affairs in the House, failing in his plan of forcing all the papers through the mails, has come out squarely against the suggested tax as "unwise and unjust." It would be unjust, not only because newspapers would be subject to burthens not imposed on other objects or articles of manufacture, but because the specific tax proposed would, in many instances, be equal to, and in some cases actually exceed, the profit of the manufacturer. That is to say, a tax of half a cent per copy on our paper would really deprive us of our entire profit, at a time when we are to be taxed on our capital and on our income, as well as in the enhanced price of articles entering into the consumption of our establishment consequent on augmented duties on imports. We should, therefore, be driven to increase our price or stop. As justly observed by the Baltimore Sun:

"No member of the press will object to an equitable taxation upon his property, but the design to levy a special tax upon the newspaper itself, a mere commodity of manufacture and sale, like any other thing manufactured and sold, will be, as it ought, resisted and denounced by every reasonable man. The idea seems to have originated with the English practice, which was one of the most vicious projects for revenue that dishonored the crown. And such a thing would never have been thought of here but for that oppressive and discreditable precedent.

"A stamp tax upon newspapers of half or a quarter of a cent will be, in some instances, a 25 or 50 per cent. tax, and would necessarily impose upon many publishers an entire change in their business; while a tax in like proportion imposed upon the manufactures and trade of the country at large would excite a revolution. If practicable, it would produce a revenue of several thousand millions a-year. And we should like to know what reason or excuse legislators can present for levying so unequal a tax upon one single branch of business? What reason or excuse could be given for taxing the tailor or the shoemaker 25 or 50 per cent. upon all that he manufactures, over and above the tax on his property, and nobody else? None. The thing would be regarded by everybody as most unjust and offensive. What difference is there in the principle of the thing, when the same injustice is directed against the maker of the newspaper?

"A paragraph before us states that the plan now before the Committee of Ways and Means is to lay a tax upon the circulation, per centum. That is, a tax upon each 100 copies, and the publisher to make oath as to the number published. All such devices are but different phases of the same iniquitous policy. The press is thus singled out to be collared by the Government, and made to bear the infliction of special discipline and severity. Its business is to be brought under the supervision of the excise-man as no other is, and made to yield an amount of revenue in utter disproportion to every other decent and honorable employment."

Hypocrisy in its Sublimity.

RECRIMINATION amounts to little in conducting a controversy, and small advantage is gained by convicting an antagonist of inconsistency. Yet inconsistency may sometimes be so gross, when fastened on an opponent, as to stultify him, expose him to ridicule, and make him contemptible in the eyes of the world. In such a case it may prove worth while to refer to history or the record, to prove men or nations guilty of what in respect of others they adjudge to be a crime. The affected horror of England on the matter of our "stone blockade," is one of those shameless yet characteristic exhibitions of hypocrisy which provokes exposure through a reference to her own conduct, which is one long record not only of outrages on neutral rights, but of cruelties and barbarities revolting to every sense of decency and every consideration of humanity.

According to the London Times, which has no more regard for the facts of history than for the present truth, "England never has suffered herself to meditate such an iniquity" as that which we have resorted to for closing up some of the avenues from the sea to the city of Charleston, by resort to a "stone blockade." Without discussing the propriety of such a resort, but only avowing that if necessary to crush out this rebellion we are ready to make the South one vast wilderness again, white with bleaching bones, under an atmosphere noisome with the corruption of death, we have only to refer to England's history, not in that far distance which admits of the plea of outlawry, but within the present century and the present decade, in which Great Britain has not only "meditated such an iniquity," but actually carried it into practice. Hypocrites, and canting "guardians of civilization," like liars, should have long memories, as the Times and its smaller traducers of America will perceive from the following facts.

In 1779, the very next harbor south of Charleston, over the supposed doom of which all England sheds its scalding tears, namely, the harbor of Savannah, was "blocked up" with hulks filled with stones by the British garrison then holding that city, as authoritatively appears from the following extract from the report of the Commission appointed by the U. S. Government to examine Savannah river and harbor, and made to the War Department, February 11, 1853. It is signed by J. F. Gilmer, 1st Lieutenant of Engineers and Reporter; A. H. Bowman, Captain of Engineers; and A. D. Bache, Superintendent United States Coast Survey, as Commissioners:

"Ascending the river (the Savannah), the next obstruction met with is 'Four Mile Point Bar,' composed of sand and mud; the depth of the channel here is also 10 feet at low tide. Above Four Mile Point the channel is deep until we come to the 'wrecks,' 15 miles above Tybee, and two miles below the City Exchange. They form the most serious impediment to the navigation of the lower river, reducing the channel to a depth of about eight feet at mean low tide. The wrecks at this point were sunk during the Revolution (1779) by direction of the commander of the English forces, then in possession of Savannah, to block the entrance to the Front river, as a protection against the approach of the French and American fleets. So far as can be ascertained, the vessels sunk were the following: His Majesty's ship Rose, the Savannah Armed Ship, purchased into the King's service some time before, and four transports, which blocked up the channel."

These wrecks made a bar, which choked the original channel of the river, forcing it to a new and crooked outlet; and as late as 1852 the Congressional Appropriation bill provided "for the removal of obstructions in the Savannah

river, at a place called the Wrecks, and the improvement of the said river, \$40,000."

In 1804, as Sir Walter Scott has recorded in his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," not only did the English "meditate" blocking up the French harbor of Boulogne by sinking before it vessels loaded with stores, but she did also commit that "iniquity," in consonance with the following official letter of instructions from Lord Hobart to Sir A. S. Hammond, Controller of the Navy, marked "Most Secret," and dated "Downing street, Feb. 9, 1804:"

"Sir—It being thought advisable, under the present circumstances of the war, that an attempt should be made for carrying into execution the project suggested in the inclosed paper for choking up the entrance into the harbor of Boulogne; and the success of such an enterprise depending in a great measure upon the secrecy and dispatch with which the preparations may be made, I have the King's commands to signify to you that you take these preparations under your immediate control, and that you communicate confidentially with Mr. —, supplying him with such funds, and giving him such orders for the purchase of vessels, and providing the materials which you may judge necessary for accomplishing the object in view. As soon as the vessels shall be sufficiently laden, you will give instructions that they should proceed with all expedition to the Downs, where further orders will proceed from Lord Keith."

In 1809 Lord Dundonald, commanding the Mediterranean Fleet, addressed a letter to his Government, which is published in his autobiography, recommending precisely the same plan in respect of the port of Aix. Discussing the best way of distressing the French, he said: "Ships filled with stones would ruin for ever the anchorage of Aix, and some old vessels of the line, well loaded, would be excellent for that purpose." He did not recommend stopping up certain channels leading to Aix, as we are doing in respect of Charleston, but proposed "ruining for ever" its anchorage.

During the war of 1812 with this country, England attempted the same "iniquity" by sinking in the harbor of Otter Creek, on Lake Champlain, a number of vessels filled with stones; the "iniquity" having for its authors Sir James Provost, Lieut.-Gen. de Rottenburg, Major-Gens. Brisbane, Power, Robinson and Byrnes; also the commander of the British fleet, Sir James Yeo.

And still later, so late indeed as the late war between Great Britain and Russia, Admiral Napier, the commander of the British squadron in the Baltic, urged blocking up the approaches of Cronstadt by sinking in the channel old hulks, which, he thought, "would be available to keep the Russian war vessels in their harbor." The only objection urged by him against the project was that it would be "expensive."

Such is the testimony of history, and in virtue of these facts is Great Britain stultified and convicted of hypocrisy equally unprecedented and shameless. We know that we gain nothing by exposing her affectations of virtue. We know that her vilification of our character and misrepresentations of our conduct and policy are dictated by a compound impulse of hate, jealousy and selfishness, conjoined with utter unscrupulousness and a mendacity without parallel. She hates our institutions, fears our power, and looks with greedy eyes to our disruption as a means of destroying a commercial rival, and creating in the South a profitable customer for the products of Manchester and Birmingham. She is horror-stricken over the details and practices of our war; she who put a bounty on scalps equally of men, women and children, in order to excite the savages to assail our frontier; she who blew the rebel Sepoys from her guns in India; who demolished the classical museum of Kertch, burned the Capitol at Washington, blocked up the harbor of Savannah with hulks, filled the roads of Boulogne with stones, and "meditated the iniquity" of "ruining for ever" the harbor of Aix!

The Victory in Kentucky.

THE battle of Logan Cross Roads, wrongly called the battle of Mill Spring, proves to have been far more decisive and important than first supposed. The rebel loss in killed and wounded is more than double what it was first reported. A correspondent of the Louisville Journal, writing from the battle-field, states that up to January 25th, 278 of the rebel dead had been buried on the north side of the Cumberland river. A large number were found dead of their wounds on the south bank; and it further appears that from 300 to 400 were drowned in the precipitate retreat of the rebel army across the river, after their abandonment of their fortifications on the night of the battle. It seems also that upwards of 700 prisoners were taken by Gen. Schoepff, who followed the flying foe 25 miles to Monticello. He found the wayside strewn with arms, blankets and equipments of all sorts. In fact, it may be said that the rebels lost everything—guns, horses, tents, ammunition and supplies.

The Union loss, as it appears from the official reports, exclusive of the artillery and cavalry, is as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.
10th Indiana.....	11	76
4th Kentucky.....	10	22
9th Ohio.....	7	27
2d Minnesota.....	13	33
	41	157

The 10th Indiana is the regiment which distinguished itself under Gen. Rosecrans at Rich Mountain. The 2d Minnesota had a stand-up, hand-to-hand fight with the rebels, from which they were separated by only a rail-fence. The 9th Ohio, however, turned the day by a bayonet charge, which is described by Col. McCook as follows:

"Seeing the superior number of the enemy, and their bravery, I concluded the best mode of settling the contest was to order the 9th Ohio regiment to charge the enemy's position with the bayonet, and turn its left flank. The order was given the regiment to empty their guns and fix bayonets. This done, it was ordered to charge. Every man sprang to it with alacrity and vociferous cheering. The enemy seemingly prepared to resist it, but before the regiment reached him the lines commenced to give way. But few of them stood, possibly 10 or 12. This broke the enemy's flank, and the whole line gave way in great confusion, and the whole turned into a perfect rout."

"Those Fellows."

THE South may learn from the British treatment of Messrs. Mason and Sidel what it has to expect from England, whether it succeeds or fails in its insane attempt to dismember this Union. That dismemberment is the object that the British oligarchy aims at, for then she may safely deal with either section with her usual arrogance. Whatever affection she may pretend for the South now, will disappear when

once the South achieves a separation or fails to do so. Two months ago, Messrs. Mason and Slidell were "accomplished gentlemen," "distinguished statesmen," "ambassadors," etc., but now, when their surrender deprives England of the pretext which their arrest afforded for intervention in our affairs, they are no longer of any value in her eyes. They are "fellows" and "worthless booty," and are told that England would do as much for "two of their own negroes" as for them. England has "no need of their information and advice," and they "must not deceive themselves with the notion that they are precious in British eyes." In terms such as these does the London *Times* welcome to British soil those eminent and chivalrous Southrons whom Com. Wilkes took from the Trent. We quote textually:

"For the benefit of the discriminating—for the guidance of the minority that prefers at least a respectable idol, and that does not wish to throw away its confidence and applause, we may as well observe that Messrs. Mason and Slidell are about the most worthless booty it would be possible to extract from the jaws of the American lion. They have long been known as the blind and habitual haters and revilers of this country. So we do sincerely hope that our countrymen will not give those fellows anything in the shape of an ovation. They must not suppose, because we have gone to the very verge of a great war to rescue them, that therefore they are precious to our eyes. We should have done just as much to rescue two of their own negroes, and had that been the object of the rescue, the swarthy Pompey and Caesar would have had just the same right to triumphal arches and municipal addresses as Messrs. Mason and Slidell."

"The Moral Sense."

Among the falsehoods concerning this country which cram the British press, is the allegation that "prisoners are not only cruelly treated, but actually executed in cold blood—facts which reduce war to an abominable brigandage, and revolt the moral sense of the world." And this extract is from a paper which gave revolting pictures of the manner in which the rebel Sepoys were blown away from the mouths of cannon, not four years ago! As our readers are aware, a common mode of dealing with these rebels was to fasten them to the muzzles of cannon which were discharged and the bodies of the victims scattered in a mist of blood and a rain of quivering flesh over the field in front. As many as sixteen of these horrid executions occurred at once. Entire regiments of Sepoys were thus barbarously annihilated. The country about Delhi and Lucknow became pestilential with the unburied carcasses of these wretches. And yet the "moral sense" of Englishmen was not outraged.

"Bull Run Russell," the paid calumniator of this country in the London *Times*, was also correspondent of that paper in India. We quote a paragraph, illustrating the "moral sense" of Englishmen from his diary:

"A French General, in a letter to Sir Colin, expressed his regret at certain violence attributed to our officers in cold blood—I presume alluding to Hobson shooting the Princes of Delhi, and things of that sort—but he should know that here there is no cold blood at the sight of a rebel. * * * * * When Neile marched from Allahabad, his executions were so numerous and indiscriminate that one of the officers attached to his column had to remonstrate with him, on the ground that if he depopulated the country he could get no supplies for the men."

Treason in the Army.

OUR readers will bear witness that we have never hesitated to denounce, in decided terms, the "incompetence, cowardice or treason" of the author of the Ball's Bluff butchery; and they can also testify that we have steadily pointed to Brig.-Gen. Stone as responsible for that terrible catastrophe. Nor have we failed to demand, earnestly and faithfully, a complete investigation of that affair, as a measure necessary to restore the confidence of the army, by fixing the responsibility where it belonged, but also as an act of justice to Gen. Stone, if wrongly suspected.

The apparent attempt of Gen. McClellan and the Secretary of War to stifle inquiry into the affair has also come in for a share of our censure. It now appears that our worst suspicions have been confirmed. As we go to press the telegraph startles the North with the announcement that Gen. Stone, lately commanding on the Upper Potomac, has been arrested for TREASON and sent to Fort Lafayette!

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—Gen. Beauregard has finally published his report of the battle of Bull Run, which he calls "Battle of Manassas." As it stands, it is a voluminous document, and a great number of asterisks shows that considerable portions have been suppressed. It acknowledges a defeat and retreat at one stage of the conflict, and a recovery, by aid of reinforcements, at a later period. It puts the rebel force engaged at 36,067 men, and the rebel loss at 1,832 killed and wounded, of which 299 were killed in the field. The statement of the rebel leaders, at the time, was "393 killed," whence it appears that Beauregard has recalled 124 men from the grave! The report is false as to the Union force, which was less than 19,000, and absurdly false as to the number of guns, etc., captured. But then no one expected to learn the truth from such a mendacious traitor.

GUNBOATS.—Congress has passed a bill appropriating \$10,000,000 for the construction of 20 iron batteries or gunboats. These have reference to foreign complications.

TREASURY NOTES.—Congress has authorized the issue of \$10,000,000 Treasury demand notes, additional to those now in circulation, as a temporary measure, pending action on the financial measures now under consideration.

KEEPING COOL.—Amid all of our complications and difficulties, there is one man in the Cabinet who has kept perfectly cool. Before the attack on Sumter, he assured us that "there was nothing in it," and that the "difficulty" would soon pass away. During the summer, the Secretary of State wore a cheerful face; "three months would finish the war." In December we were asked to keep quiet for ten days, within which time we were all to be astonished by some gigantic achievement which would practically close up the struggle in the interest of the Union. And now when England has the most powerful fleet ever sent from her shores concentrated on ours, and when one pretext of hostility has been removed, only to encourage her to more offensive demands, we are told by the Washington dispatches of the daily papers that "the Secretary of State does not participate in the popular apprehensions. He expresses entire satisfaction at the present attitude of our foreign affairs, and is perfectly composed and serene." If such composure and serenity be real, in face of the thousand hostile indications from abroad, then is the Secretary of State unable to comprehend the portents of the times. "A wise man foreseeth the danger and hideth himself."

BRIDGE-BURNERS.—Eight rebel bridge-burners have been condemned to be shot in Missouri. Their fate is a hard one, and great efforts have been made to induce Gen. Halleck to spare them. He will hardly do so after the severities practised on the loyalists of East Ten-

nessee, who sought to break up the Richmond and Mobile railroad by similar practices. The rebels seem to have regarded this particular mode of warfare as something specially heinous, if we may judge from a letter from Mr. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of War, to Col. Wood, commanding the insurgents in East Tennessee. The letter was found in the camp of Gen. Zollicoffer, after his defeat, and instructs Col. Wood:

"First.—All such as can be identified in having been engaged in bridge burning, are to be tried summarily by drum-head court-martial, and if found guilty, executed on the spot by hanging. It would be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burnt bridges."

The last injunction should commend itself to all Englishmen, as conceived in the same spirit with the order to blow the rebel Sepoys from the cannon's mouth.

"HIGHFALUTIN."—Here is another instance of that kind of "highfalutin" on which we last week took occasion to animadvert. This time it comes from "Dixie." It is an extract from the address signed by Howell Cobb, Robert Toombs and other leading rebels, to the people of Georgia, noticed in another column:

"Let every woman have a torch, every child a firebrand—let the loved homes of our youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate. Let blackness and ruin mark your departing steps, if depart you must, and let a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome the Vandals. Let every city be levelled by the flame, and every village be lost in ashes."

THE WAR.—Biddy has received a letter from Patrick, who is in the army of the Potomac, from which we are permitted to make an extract concerning the "progress" of the war: "Money is very scarce. You want to know concerning the war. I cannot tell you anything about it—the people does not know how it is going to be yet. They are doing nothing, and I think it will continue delayed for a long time. No person can tell what the latter end will come to."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The people of Western Virginia, as a whole, have remained faithful to the Union, and have continued to enjoy its protection and benefits. They propose to separate themselves from the Eastern, slave-breeding, rebellious section of Virginia, and create a new State. To this end a Convention is now in session in Wheeling. Recognising the fact that this war, with all its consequences, is the offspring of slavery, and that slavery is an economic error and a political evil, if not a moral crime, a portion of the people desire to make the proposed new State a free State, either by the immediate or gradual abolition of slavery. But there is another portion, comprising, it is said, a majority of the members of the Convention, which is hostile to such a measure and likely to defeat it. It is presumed that these members are earnest in their desire to create a new State, free from the arrogant, social and political oligarchy of Eastern Virginia, and emancipated from the narrow, selfish policy of which it is the exponent. If so, we can tell them that by refusing to make Western Virginia a free State, they will defeat their independence. Are they so blind as not see that there can be no more slave States on this continent, and that Western Virginia, with a slave Constitution, stands just as much chance of being admitted into the Union as the devil's lieutenant into Paradise? They may spare themselves the trouble of framing a Constitution which does not provide for the extinction of slavery in some rational mode and within some reasonable period; for however blind they may be to their best interests, the nation is not blind to its own. We shall hatch no eggs of the viper which has stung us to the heart.

PRIVATEERS AND PRISONERS OF WAR.—The Government has wisely determined to treat rebels captured on the high seas in precisely the same manner with those captured on land, that is to say as prisoners of war. It is well known that one of the Southern privateers named Smith, was convicted of piracy in Philadelphia, and was, consequently, under the President's proclamation, liable to execution. Of course this decision will relieve him from the punishment visited on piracy. There is certainly no reason why discrimination should be made between privateersmen and ordinary prisoners of war. Both are liable to the penalty adjudged against treason, which is death; but in the interests of humanity we have forbore to exact the penalty. It is hoped and expected that this decision will relieve Col. Corcoran and others of our officers and men from the severities to which they have been subjected, in retaliation for our treatment of the "pirates."

ARMY PAY.—Among other propositions for relieving the Treasury now before Congress, is one for reducing the pay of the army, by taxing the pay of men and officers a certain per cent. It may be interesting to know in this connection, that the Russian soldier receives annually only \$30 a year as pay, and his rations consist solely of black bread. The soldier in the French army receives 50 cents a month. The pay of our soldiers is twenty times greater. The estimate in the French budget for 1860 was \$61,087,500 for an army on a war footing of 702,706 men, and, in addition, a reserve militia on a peace footing of 415,740 men. It costs the United States nearly three times as much to maintain a soldier that it does the British Government—and it is to be remembered that the British Government can get money at three per cent. interest, while it costs us six per cent. or more.

THE London Times brags like Falstaff, and inspires about equal dread with its big words. Sometimes, when it imagines itself inspiring most awe, it only elicits "broad grins" which Hood might envy. For example: "No effectual resistance could be made to a combined attack of our four iron frigates, in case the British Government wished to dictate their own terms of peace, by laying the fleet broadside on to the streets of New York and Hoboken. This could be done without the smallest risk to the iron ships." Why not say New York and Communipaw? Never has little Hoboken been so glorified before. The Thunderer does not seem to be aware that in the event of a war between England and the United States, Hoboken might possibly proclaim, like her British sister, a strict, armed and dignified neutrality.

A CORRESPONDENT from Illinois desires us to remind Mr. Seward that he has never published the names of the writers nor the contents of the telegraphic despatches seized last summer. It was said, in justification, at the time, that the developments would compromise penitent sinners, who are now the chief saints of the war. These reformed rakes make the best bigots but the worst rulers.

THE following is "going the rounds" of the press. If not a canard, it shows that our romantic Secretary of State has not yet given over joking, despite his Newcastle imbroglio; he is now adding a little profanity to his facetiousness:

"Lord Lyons received communications from the English Government by the last steamer, investing him with the Cross of the Order of the Bath, in acknowledgment of the value of his services in securing the peaceful and prompt settlement of the Trent difficulty. The *on dit* is, that on informing Secretary Seward of the act, Lord L. remarked that the honor and compliment should have been his instead, as he felt that the settlement as made was indeed Mr. Seward's achievement rather than his. Mr. Seward, it is said, promptly replied, 'Oh, no, your lordship; I have long borne my cross, it is high time you should wear yours.'"

Byron wrote—

"That Pitt, the British Minister of State, is Renowned for ruining his country gratis."

Our modern wits cannot say the same of Mr. Seward, which gives him a great advantage over his Transatlantic rival.

THE CONTRADICTION OF DESPAIR.—The Richmond *Examiner* of the 30th Jan. has a *well* much larger than both of Barnum's *whales* together, either before or after their lamented decease, and decidedly more dismal. This precious dirge is a quartette, composed by Howell Cobb, E. Toombs, M. J. Crawford, and a Thomas R. R. Cobb. We have only room for four short extracts, all so remarkably discordant that we leave Gen. McClellan to tune them into harmony:

"Fellow-Citizens—In a few days the Provisional Government of the Confederate States will live only in history."

"The world's history does not give a parallel instance of a revolution based upon such unanimity among the people."

"Trust wife and children to the sure refuge and protection of God—"

preferring, even for these loved ones, the charnel-house as a home, than loathsome vassalage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world. This may be your terrible choice, and determine at once and without dissent as honor and patriotism and duty to God require. Fellow-citizens, I will not myself into a fatal security."

"We have faith in God and faith in you. He is blind to every indication of Providence who has not seen an Almighty hand controlling the events of the past year. The wind, the wave, the cloud, the mist, the sunshine and the storm have all ministered to our necessities, and frequently succeeded us in our distresses. We deem it unnecessary to recount the numerous instances which have called forth our gratitude. We would join you in thanksgiving and praise. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

Every honest man will give us his "Amen," but we conceive the "leather is on the other leg."

DOMESTIC NEWS.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon, as a freight train on the Central Railroad was being drawn to West Albany, and when near the Rock Curve, just above Tivoli Hollow, the coupling between two of the cars gave way, and one-half the train being thus let loose, started back down the deep descent. Following up, a short distance behind, was a work train, composed of an engine, tender, and three platform cars. The freight cars fell back upon this train, smashing the engine, driving the tender upon the first platform car, and finally throwing all off the track. One man, named John Sealon, had his leg smashed. Amputation was resorted to, but we hear that he died during the night. The engineer and another person on the work train were slightly injured. Accidents seem to be rather common on this line. The only way to stop these railway murders is by making them pay heavy damages to the slain.

On Saturday the Navy Agent had occasion to send one of his clerks to the Sub-Treasury office to get a draft cashed. The clerk soon after drawing the money and placing it in a tin box, was met by a stranger, who informed him that Mr. Cisco was anxious to have a note delivered at the office of Mr. Spring, 15 Nassau street. As it was on his way, the clerk agreed to deliver the letter, and forthwith started for Mr. Spring's office. Upon his arrival there he found, by a sign over the door, that Mr. Spring occupied room No. 10. He opened the office door, but on entering found that the place was apparently unoccupied. Upon turning to leave the premises the door of an adjoining room was opened, and a well-dressed man asked the clerk what he wanted. The latter replied that he was in search of Mr. Spring, when the occupant of the office told him to step into the back room. Not suspecting any evil design the clerk stepped into the stranger's apartment, when he was immediately seized by two or three men and a bag thrown over his head so as to prevent him from recognizing any one. The box containing the treasure was then wrenched from his hand, and in the confusion which followed his assailants escaped.

GEORGE R. DAVIS, of Portland, Me., passed beyond the Union pickets in the region of Mount Vernon, and among other curiosities brought back an original title deed, on parchment, bearing the signature and seal of Lord Fairfax, dated February 1, 1776, taken from Gunston Hall, the residence of Sir Edward Chichester, two miles beyond Pohick church, to which point the 3d Maine regiment has now been advanced. This was the family church of Gen. Washington.

On Saturday, the 1st February, Baltimore was the scene of a desperate riot, which fortunately was unattended with bloodshed. As a few members of the 5th Zouave regiment were strolling in the evening in Lewis street, they were attacked by some rowdies, who very freely used brickbats as their missiles. The Zouaves finding their lives in danger, took to their revolvers. The arrival of the police put an end to the disgraceful riot. Three or four were slightly wounded. Several arrests of the rowdies were made. We trust a military example will be made, for it appears the soldiers were not in the least to blame.

RASCALITY OF SUTLERS DETECTED.—Two sutlers, William DeCossy and Andrew Glarry, who for some time past have been furnishing supplies to Stockton's Independent Michigan regiment, in Gen. Fitz John Porter's Division, were, last Friday, brought up with a round turn. Finding that the soldiers were obtaining supplies of liquor from some unknown source, Major Davis made an investigation of their establishment and stock. Aside from a large supply of whiskey, he found about \$8,000 in counterfeit bills, which they had been industriously distributing among the men. The entire stock was confiscated, which, with two horses and four wagons, is estimated at \$10,000 in value. The men were taken to Washington, to await the action of the authorities. Most of the counterfeit money is on the Marion City Bank, which is broken. *Alexandria Sentinel.*

AN affair of honor that was to have come off across the Potomac on Saturday, between a couple of captains of volunteers, ended yesterday in an attempt of one of the seconds to cowhide his delinquent principal in a drinking saloon. The proceeding was stopped by the bystanders.

THIRTY of the immense mortars cast at Pittsburgh, Pa., have been ordered to Cairo, for use on the new mortar boats. These terrible engines weigh nearly 10 tons apiece.

WE have received a rebel shipplaster, printed on the back of a quarter of a section of an old Calicooshah bank note, which reads as follows: "1st July—5 cents—1861.—The Bank of the State of South Carolina will pay bearer on demand Five Cents."

"W. F. McMAHON, for Pres't."

THE levy of \$15,000 upon the Secessionists of Marion county, Missouri, made by Gen. Halleck to repair the railroad bridges which were destroyed by the rebels, is now being collected. The levy is said to have very suddenly enlightened many sceptical people as to the evils of Secession. Numbers who were deemed disunionists are now found to be firm in support of the National Government.

A BILL revoking the lottery grant in Delaware has passed both branches of the Legislature. The State is now free from lotteries.

In the early part of last week, in Cincinnati, a woman named Mary Costigan died, and in the absence of her husband, who is in the army, the body was placed in a vault in a cemetery. The *Inquirer* says: "On Wednesday last the husband of the deceased returned home to be not only surprised but severely shocked with the melancholy news that awaited him. Anxious once more to behold the beloved features of his departed wife before her remains were deposited in the grave, he had her coffin opened in the presence of several friends, when what was his horror and astonishment to find she had changed position, and was lying flat upon her face, having in her struggles and extreme despair torn the flesh entirely off one of her shoulders. The feelings of the husband and friends can readily be imagined, at the exposure of such an awful death. The lid of the coffin was replaced and then lowered in the ground, there to lie for ever."

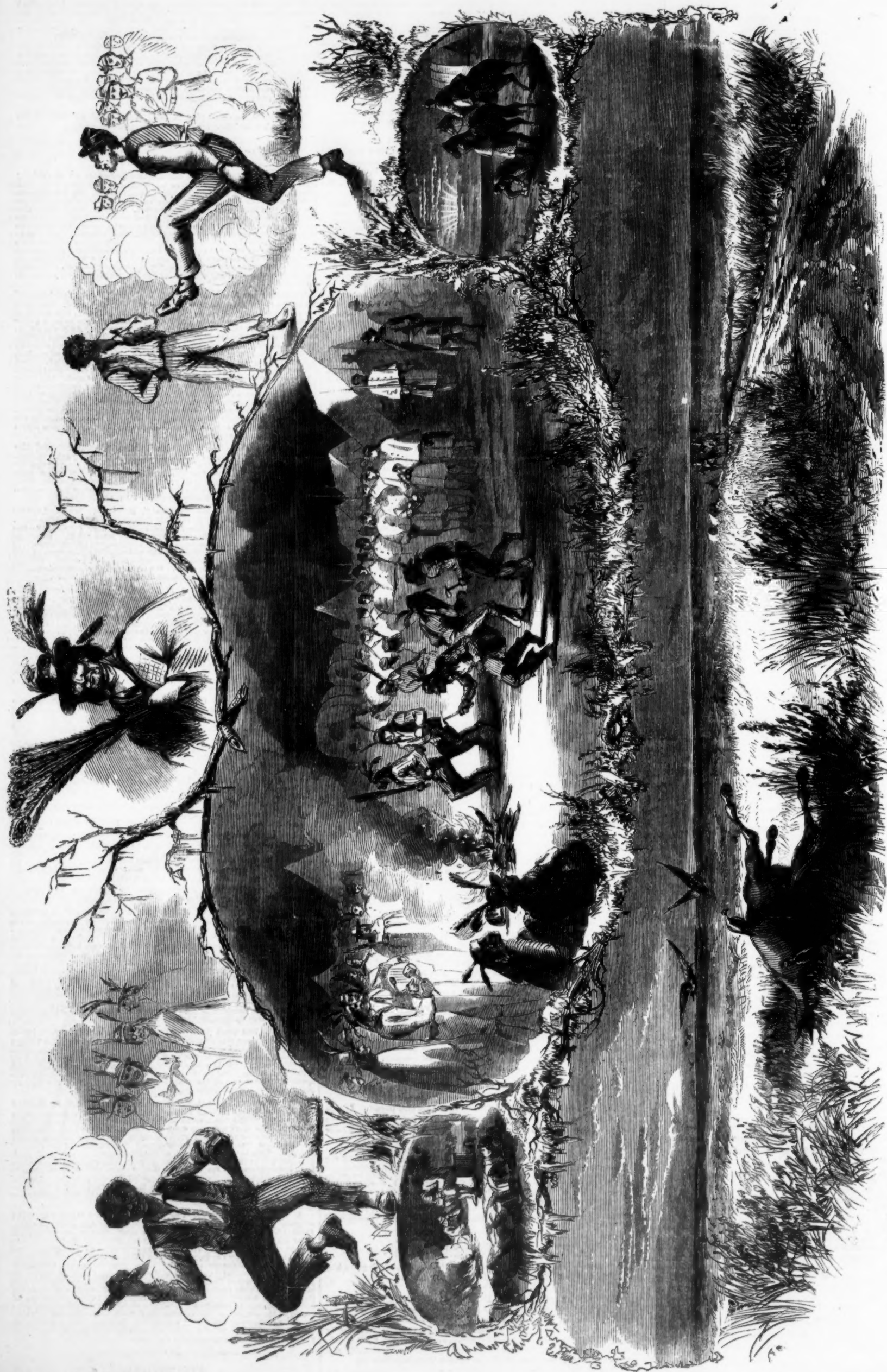
DURING the past five years, 58,563,424 passengers have been carried over the steam railroads in Massachusetts; and of this number 35 were fatally injured—all but two of them having been killed in consequence of their own carelessness in attempting to get upon or leave the trains while in motion; 118 persons were run over and killed while walking or lying on the tracks; 51 persons employed on the railroads were killed—11 of them having been knocked from the cars by coming in contact with bridges over the roads.

THE effect of monster ordnance upon stone fortresses will soon be experimentally tested by the Federal Government. It is now sending to the South some of the largest mortars ever cast in this country. The work has been done at the Fort Pitt Works, in this State. Some of the mortars weigh 17,000 pounds, and throw 15-inch shells. At the West Point Foundry a 160-pound Parrott gun is now nearly finished. This is the largest gun of the kind ever cast, and great interest attaches to the result of the experiment. The Parrott 100-pounders have been thoroughly tested by the Government, and found to possess all the excellent qualities which distinguish the same species of guns of smaller calibre. About 12 of this size have been supplied to the Government. A few are mounted on vessels or on forts, and the rest are at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

A BILL providing for the emancipation of slaves, with compensation to the owners, is now before the Legislature of Delaware. By this bill it is provided that all slaves over 25 years of age shall be freed within 90 days after it becomes law; all under 25 shall become free on reaching that age; all males born after the bill becomes law are to be slaves till they are 21, and females till they are 18; and all slavery is to cease after January 1st, 1872. These provisions are made conditional upon this—that "Congress will, at its present session, engage to pay to the State of Delaware, in bonds of the U. S., bearing interest at the rate of 6 per centum per annum, the sum of \$500,000, in 10 annual instalments, \$50,000 to be payable on some day before the 1st day of September, 1862, to establish a fund for securing full and fair compensation to the owners of slaves who shall have been divested of their property by force of the act in question." Delaware has, according to the census of 1860, 1,805 slaves, and the sum asked of Congress for their gradual emancipation amounts to \$500 a-head.

ART NOTICES.

MESSRS. GOUPEL & Co. have published a very fine print of the Bombardment of Fort Royal, from a painting by that popular artist, Mr. G. L. Brown. Judging from the sketches and maps we have received from our Artists at that place, it is correct as well as effective.



A Soldier's Dance.
The First Peep of Day.

Indians Dancing in the Camp.
The Hundred Mile Prairie, Missouri.
CAMP LIFE IN THE WEST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE WESTERN ARMY.—SEE PAGE 214

A Negro Dance.
The Midnight Breeze.



Mrs. McClellan.

Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Senator Crittenden

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL COSTUMES WORN AT THE GRAND PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

(Continued from page 210.)

But to return to the Presidential party. Early in the evening the windows of the White House were brilliant with lights, and by half-past nine the entrance was thronged

with guests from a long line of carriages reaching to the avenue. The cards of invitation were received at the door, and the guests passed to the second story of the mansion, which had been thrown open for dressing-rooms. Thence they returned to the grand entrance, and were shown into the Blue Room, whence they passed to the grand saloon, or

East Room, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, with a gracious welcome and a kind word. Meanwhile the marine band "discours'd sweet music" from a side room. The saloon, when filled, presented the aspect no doubt contemplated and designed by Mrs. Lincoln, of a large, select and elegant private party, with its animated conver-



Mrs. Vallette.

Mrs. E. G. Squier.

Mrs. Commodore Levy.

Mrs. O'Sullivan.

Mrs. Senator Weller.

Mrs. Senator Ames.

Mrs. Griffin.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL COSTUMES WORN AT THE GRAND PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5.

sational groups, relieved by the gay dresses of the ladies, and the uniforms of the officers of the army; among whom were Generals McClellan, Fremont, McDowell, Heintzelman, Franklin, Blenker, Porter, Marcy and others, including all the division commanders. The promenade was led off about 11 o'clock, Mr. Lincoln, with Miss Browning, daughter of Senator Browning, of Illinois, and Mrs. Lincoln with Senator Browning.

A large apartment was thrown open about half-past 11 o'clock with a grand Japanese punchbowl in the centre, and sandwiches, etc., around it as a temporary refreshment; but the regular supper, which came afterwards, was set in the dining-room, and was considered one of the finest displays of the confectioner's art ever seen in this country. It was prepared by Mr. Mallard, of New York. Army and Navy designs, with the ship "Union" and Fort Pickens, were among the devices of the confectionary.

It would be an impossible task to specially distinguish among the ladies present those most remarkable personally, or in that most important of feminine consideration, dress. Yet to say that all were tastefully and elegantly dressed, would hardly be satisfactory to our fair readers. At the risk, therefore, of being thought invidious, we refer, to a few of the ladies and their toilettes that commanded most attention, or which we most distinctly remember. Primarily, however, we must remark the exquisite taste with which the White House has been refitted under Mrs. Lincoln's directions in no respect more remarkable than in the character of the hangings of the various rooms, which relieve and set off the figures and dresses of lady guests to the greatest advantage.

First, as hostess, and second in no respect, Mrs. Lincoln. She was attired in a lustrous white satin robe, with a train of a yard in length, trimmed with one deep flounce of the richest black chantilly lace, put on in festoons and surmounted by a quilling of white satin ribbon, edged with narrow black lace.

The dress was, of course, décolleté and with short sleeves, displaying the exquisitely moulded shoulders and arms of our fair "Republican Queen," the whiteness of which were absolutely dazzling. Her head-dress was a coronet wreath of black and white crape myrtle, which was in perfect keeping with her regal style of beauty. Let us here add *en passant*, that Mrs. Lincoln possesses that rare beauty which has rendered the Empress of the French so celebrated as a handsome woman, and which our transatlantic cousins call *la tête bien plantée*. Her ornaments were pearls.

The Hon. Mrs. Crittenden, always supremely elegant in manner and appearance, was never more so than on this occasion. She wore a dress of black velvet, richly trimmed with lace. Her head-dress was composed of crimson flowers. Herself and distinguished husband were, as usual, the centre of a large and admiring group. Her jewels were diamonds.

Mrs. Griffin was simply but tastefully attired in a coral-colored silk; head-dress of bright crimson flowers. She was the observed of all, as she leaned on the arm of the President.

The Hon. Mrs. Squier looked most charming in a pink silk, exquisitely trimmed with swansdown, which well accorded with her soft and *spirituelle* beauty. A wreath of ivy, with its long and graceful tendrils, mingled most bewitchingly with her blonde and waving hair. Her ornaments were opals and diamonds.

Mrs. McClellan, the observed of all observers, leaning on the arm of her distinguished husband, looked most regal, in her dress of white, with bands of cherry velvet; a tunic of white, looped with crimson, had a most charming effect; a head-dress of white illusion, *à la vierge*, completed her most distinguished toilet.

La belle des belles was Miss Kate Chase, the violet-eyed young daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. She wore a dress of mauve-colored silk, without ornament. On her small, classically-shaped head a simple wreath of minute white flowers mingled with the blonde waves of her sunny hair, which was arranged in a Grecian knot behind.

The Hon. Mrs. Rice, wife of the distinguished representative from Boston, Mass., was, as usual, the centre of a group of appreciative friends, who were charmed by the brilliancy of her wit, the gentility of her manner and the vigor of her intellect. She was elegantly attired in a splendid mauve moiré antique dress, richly brocaded, and trimmed with rose de Chine plush. Her ornaments were cameos, set with pearls. A coronet of crimson berries contrasted finely with her dark glossy hair.

Mrs. Commodore Levy looked most bewitchingly *piquante* in a dress of white illusion and gold, with six small flounces, over a slip of white glacé silk. The corsage was ornamented with a berthe to correspond with the skirt, and displayed to great advantage the faultless form of the fair wearer. She wore an imperatrice wreath of white flowers, mingled with golden ears of wheat, which lighted up a face always beaming with expression. She wore, also, a necklace and earrings of oriental pearls, and won an enviable share of admiration from every one of the distinguished and appreciative personages present, male and female.

Mrs. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, was becomingly attired in a white silk robe, trimmed with quillings of cherry-colored silk. Her beautiful young daughter, who inherits her father's noble face, beaming with intelligence, was attired, with exquisite freshness and simplicity, in a dress of white puffed tulle, without ornament.

Mrs. Gen. Marcy wore, with exceeding grace, a rich crimson moiré antique, over which fell a magnificent lace shawl.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, the wife of our Consul to Singapore, was arrayed in a dress of white silk, with a short tunic of black spotted tulle, edged with a deep flounce of black chantilly lace, looped up almost to the waist on one side. Her low corsage and short sleeves displayed shoulders and arms which Diana herself might have envied. Her luxuriant black hair was simply braided and encircled her classic head, which was without any ornament save a comb of gold.

Mrs. Vallette, the fascinating widowed daughter of Secretary Smith of the Interior, wore a white dress, with flounces edged with black, which set off to great advantage her brilliant complexion and beautifully rounded form.

Miss Carroll, a charming blonde of the purest type, wore a dress of white illusion, with a succession of puffs almost reaching to the waist. The effect was very fine, and harmonized admirably with her delicate, aerial style of beauty.

Mrs. Donn Platt was prominent among the guests, from her social position, beauty, intellect and conversational powers; while her graceful young sister, Miss Kirby, lately from Paris, was the centre of a large and admiring circle, whom she charmed by her vivacity and brilliancy. She wore a puffed dress of rose-colored tulle, with a wreath of delicate pink flowers was intermingled with her short, coquettish curls.

Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence was statuesque and superb in a dress of pink silk, with a band of black velvet, studded with pearls, encircling and contrasting with her beautiful white throat.

Mrs. Gov. Weller, of California, presented herself in a

cerulean blue silk, flounced with white velvet, elegantly embroidered with flowers, with an overskirt looped with bands of embroidered velvet. The corsage of blue velvet and point lace was relieved by rich pearl ornaments and necklace. The style of dress was of the Court of Louis XIV., and was peculiarly adapted to Mrs. Weller's tall and elegant figure; but the most strikingly attractive part of her costume was the *coiffure*, composed of gracefully bending blue plumes, with a magnificent circlet of pearls upon her brow. The *tout ensemble* was truly in character with the lady—beautiful yet modest, brilliant yet delicate.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WEST.

DURING one of the recent pauses in the active part of the Missouri campaign, one of our Special Artists sent us some sketches which belong more to the romance of war than its struggle. We have formed some of these into a page which cannot fail to interest our readers. Among them is a most characteristic scene in which two phases of civilization meet. We allude to the sketch where the Indian warriors are giving a war dance by firelight in the presence of the officers and soldiers of Gen. Asboth's division. Sad and suggestive spectacle! Pagans and Christians travelling as fellow-companions on the same war path. The companion sketches of sunrise and midnight outside the tent are also equally thought-provoking, while, as though to show the folly and vanity of the whole gigantic struggle, the dead horse, the vultures, and the last two of the army cavalcade, as it travels over that magnificent solitude, the Hundred Mile Prairie of Missouri, close the melancholy series.

GREAT NATIONAL VICTORY IN TENNESSEE—THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

FORT HENRY is situated on the eastern bank of the Tennessee river, just over the State line of Kentucky and Tennessee. It commands that portion of the river. It was mounted with 17 guns, mostly 32 and 34-pounders, and one is a splendid 10-inch columbiad. The exact number of troops in and around it is doubtful, the accounts varying materially. It would seem as though there were about 5,000 rebels encamped on the eastern side of the fort, and that a battalion of artillery manned the guns of the forts. Some days ago a fleet of gunboats went from Paducah, and after reconnoitring with care, on the 6th placed themselves in position, to the number of seven, for an attack upon the fort. In the meantime, a large body of Union troops, under Gen. McClelland, was taken to a point out of range from the fort, and there landed, the object being to make an attack in the enemy's rear. Thus matters stood on Thursday morning, the 6th of February. Then Flag Officer Foote, with the Cincinnati, St. Louis, Carondelet and Essex, supported in reserve by three other boats, advanced steadily upon the fort. The movement was magnificently executed—the attacking fleet, with quiet, undiminished spirit, sailing directly into the very line of the hostile guns, every man at his post, all eager for the signal gun which would set them free to act. At 11½ the first shot was fired by the Cincinnati; then the battle went on in earnest. The gunboats steamed to the closest quarters, and poured in their shot with a vigor of service and an unerring aim, which must have thoroughly bewildered the bombarded rebels. The latter returned the fire of our guns with determination, and the fight raged hotly till 1.40, at which time Gen. Tilghman unconditionally surrendered. Meanwhile, a force of infantry behind the fort, in number about 5,000, fled with a swiftness peculiar to the rebels when they have not every advantage on their side, and were heard of no more. The Union land force, which had made a circuit in order to attack the fort in the rear, did not reach its destination till two hours after the surrender. The enemy lost, as it is stated by one authority, five killed and 10 badly wounded. Our loss was as follows: On the Cincinnati, one killed and six badly wounded; on the Essex, six seamen and two officers were killed, 18 men were wounded, and five were missing. The chief portion of this loss was by reason of a distressing casualty, a shot penetrating the boiler of one of the gunboats, causing a number to be badly scalded. Among these was Capt. Porter, late of the Powhatan. Of prisoners, we took a General, a Colonel, two Captains, and not far from 60 privates.

Captain Foote.

This gallant sailor, whose capture of Fort Henry shows equal daring and skill, is a native of Connecticut, and the son of the well-known Senator Foote. He entered the navy 4th Dec., 1822, and has been for nearly 40 years in the service of his country. At the commencement of the present rebellion he was in command of the Navy Yard of Brooklyn. From thence he was sent to superintend the Flotilla of the West. His efficiency is amply shown by his opening exploit.

In personal appearance Capt. Foote is short, thick set and muscular. He is, like Sigel, a close student, devoted to his profession, and bears the marks of severe thought in the wrinkles which are deepening on his brow. Time has begun to silver his hair and whiskers, but he walks with a firm step. He has rare conversational powers, and imparts information as if it were a pleasure. He is said to be much beloved by his men, whose confidence he enjoys in the highest degree.

His official report is a model of brevity and perspicacity:

"U. S. FLAGSHIP CINCINNATI, OFF FORT HENRY, Tennessee River, Feb. 6, 1862."

"The gunboats under my command—the Essex, Commander Porter, the Carondelet, Commander Walker, the Cincinnati, Commander Stembel, the St. Louis, Lieutenant-commanding Paulding, the Conestoga, Lieutenant-commanding Phelps, the Taylor, Lieutenant-commanding Gwin, and the Lexington, Lieutenant-commanding Shirk—after a severe and rapid fire of one hour and a quarter, have captured Fort Henry, and have taken General Lloyd Tilghman and his staff, with 60 men, as prisoners."

"The surrender to the gunboats was unconditional, as we kept an open fire upon the enemy until their flag was struck."

"In half an hour after the surrender I handed the fort and prisoners over to General Grant, commanding the army, on his arrival at the fort in force."

"The Essex had a shot in her boilers, after fighting most effectively for two-thirds of the action, and was obliged to drop down the river. I hear that several of her men were scalded to death, including the two pilots."

"She, with the other gunboats, officers and men, fought with the greatest gallantry."

"The Cincinnati received 31 shots, and had one man killed and eight wounded, two seriously."

"The fort, with 20 guns and 17 mortars, was defended by General Tilghman with the most determined gallantry."

"I will write as soon as possible."

"I have sent Lieutenant-commanding Phillips and three gunboats after the rebel gunboats."

"A. H. FOOTE, Flag-Officer."

Later Operations.

Later advices from Tennessee state that at the time of the attack on Fort Henry, the rebel infantry, 5,000 strong, were in their camp at dinner, and that when the firing commenced they abandoned everything, leaving thousands of arms and all their camp equipage and clothing. In the pursuit, the National cavalry captured 14 pieces of light artillery. Dispatches from Gen. Halleck state that the National forces immediately pushed up the river in the direction of the railroad bridge, 16 miles distant, reducing on their way the batteries on the other side of the river. The bridge over the Tennessee river is undoubtedly now in our possession, and communication between Memphis and Bowling Green cut off. Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river, has also doubtless been reduced. At any rate, Gen. Grant has arrived at Dover, in its immediate vicinity, on the 5th. Smithland, at the confluence of the Cumberland and Ohio rivers, has been occupied by our troops.

A MISCHIEVOUS boy, having got possession of his grandfather's spectacles, privately took out the glasses. When the old gentleman put them on, finding he could not see, he exclaimed, "Mercy on me, I've lost my sight!" but thinking the impediment to vision might be the dirtiness of the glasses, took them off to wipe them, when, not feeling them, he still more frightened, cried out, "Why, what's come now? Why, I've lost my feeling, too!"

Congressional Summary.

MONDAY, Feb. 3.—In the Senate, Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas, asked for information relative to the Lane Expedition and the proclamation of Gen. Hunter. A joint resolution from the Legislature of Ohio was presented, instructing the Ohio Members of Congress to use their influence to secure an amendment of the naturalization laws, so as to grant naturalization to foreigners serving in the army during the war. It was referred. Resolutions of the Legislature of Michigan were also presented, urging the Government to put down the rebellion in the speediest manner possible.

In the House, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered a resolution directing the War Committee to inquire into the truth of a statement, made in debate last week, that five Illinois regiments had attacked arms and refused to serve on learning the drift of Secretary Cameron's report, as originally written. The matter went over for discussion. The Post Office Committee was directed to inquire into the propriety of establishing a system of free delivery in cities containing upward of 10,000 inhabitants. The House considered the Senate's amendment to the bill making an appropriation for the completion of the defenses of Washington. The amendment proposes the disbandment of the Home Guards in all the States, and was finally rejected. The Treasury Note bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Villandigham, of Ohio, made a speech in opposition to it, on the ground that it proposed to make the notes a legal tender. He was followed by Mr. Hooper, of Massachusetts, advocating its passage, and the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, Feb. 4.—In the Senate, a bill from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, authorizing the appointment of diplomatic representatives to Liberia and Hayti, was introduced by Mr. Sumner. The resolution offered by Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas, asking information of the Secretary of War relative to the Lane Expedition, and the recent order of Gen. Hunter assuming the command, was called up and passed, after an explanation from Mr. Pomeroy, that the resolution was introduced at the request of the Secretary of War himself. The bill providing for the construction of iron clad steamers was called up, and after some debate, was referred back to the Naval Committee. The objection urged against their construction was the length of time it would take. The report of the Naval Committee on the answer of the Secretary of the Navy to the inquiry relative to the Morgan contracts, was made the special order for Friday.

In the House, the Treasury Note bill was considered. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, made a speech in opposition to the proposition to make notes a legal tender. He did not object to paper issued to a limited extent, but wished to establish rules and bounds for it—an amount beyond which it could not be issued—and to place it on a solid foundation. He was followed by Roscoe Conkling, of New York, who advocated the policy of immediate and sufficient taxation, and objected to the idea of endeavoring to postpone this necessity. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, followed, and insisted upon the right of the Government, under the Constitution, to make the notes a legal tender. He objected, however, to the clause in the bill making them redeemable at the pleasure of the Government. They should, he insisted, be redeemable at a certain day. Mr. Sheffield, of Rhode Island, opposed the legal tender clause, but declared his readiness to vote for a banking law as for a tax bill.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 5.—In the Senate, Mr. Carlile, of Virginia, called attention to the financial state of the country, which he regarded in a very dark light. The case of Mr. Bright, of Indiana, was then considered, and finally disposed of—the Senate, at the conclusion of a long debate, in which Mr. Bright himself took part, voting to expel him. The following is the vote:

Yeas—Anthony, R. I.; Browning, Ill.; Chandler, Mich.; Clark, N. H.; Collamer, Vt.; Davis, Ky.; Dixon, Conn.; Doolittle, Wis.; Forand, Me.; Foster, Conn.; Grimes, Iowa; Hale, N. H.; Harlan, Iowa; Henderson, Mo.; Howard, Mich.; Howe, Wis.; Johnson, Tenn.; King, N. Y.; Lane, Ind.; McDougall, Cal.; Morrill, Me.; Pomeroy, Kansas; Sherman, Ohio; Simmons, R. I.; Sumner, Mass.; Trumbull, Ill.; Wade, Ohio; Wilkinson, Min.; Wilmot, Penn.; Wilson, Mass.; Wilson, Mo.—32.

Nays—Bayard, Del.; Carlile, Va.; Harris, N. Y.; Kennedy, Md.; Latham, Cal.; Nesmith, Oregon; Pierce, Md.; Powell, Ky.; Rice, Min.; Saulsbury, Del.; Ten Eyck, N. J.; Thompson, N. J.; Willey, Va.; Cowan, Penn.—14.

In the House, there was nothing of any public interest, excepting the Treasury Note bill, and the clause making them a legal tender, to which the opposition is strong. Villandigham met several of those who share his opinions in this matter in caucus, and agreed upon a clause which will have the effect of defeating the clause. Mr. Villandigham's opposition is ominous.

THURSDAY, Feb. 6.—In the Senate, the greater part of the day was occupied by Senator Sherman, Ohio, on the financial condition of the country. He strongly advocated a reduction of official salaries.

In the House, the Treasury Note bill was considered in a Committee of Ways and Means, and the House adjourned the legal tender clause by 62 to 53. The bill limits the amount to be issued to \$150,000,000, and makes the notes a legal tender for the payment of all dues within the United States.

FRIDAY, Feb. 7.—In the Senate, the Judiciary Committee made a report in the case of Starke, Senator for Oregon, in which it declared that they could not inquire into his loyalty till he had taken his seat. A joint resolution giving thanks to Capt. Dupont and his officers for the capture of Fort Royal was passed. The bill providing for iron-clad steam gunboats was reported back from the Naval Committee by Mr. Hale, who proceeded to make a speech advocating its passage. It was amended so as to limit the number of boats to 20, and then passed. Mr. Hale also explained, at considerable length, the investigations of the Naval Committee regarding the Morgan and other contracts. He was followed by Mr. Dixon, of Conn., who contended that Secretary Wilkes had done the very best he could under the circumstances. Mr. Wilson, of Mass., offered a substitute for the Committee's resolution of censure, somewhat modifying its tone, when the matter was postponed until Monday.

In the House, the chief business was the speech of Mr. Van Wyck, on presenting the report of fraud, etc., in the Army and Navy Departments. It was a sickening exposure of political villainy, which has no parallel in history. Surely the Republic must have lost all healthy morality, if the shameless men who have taken advantage of our calamity to plunder us are not punished in a most signal manner.

WAR NEWS.

Number and Position of the Rebel Forces in the South-West.

At Feliciana, 12 miles from Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, there are 2,500 cavalry; in Fort Henry there are 3,000.

At New Orleans there are 20,000; at Lake Borgne there are two battalions of artillery; and at Lake Pontchartrain there are three.

At Mobile there are 12,000 in command of Gen. Walker, ex-Secretary of War.

Between Charleston and Savannah, on the railroad line, there are 12,000.

At Pensacola there are between 15,000 and 20,000.

At Columbus there are 15,000.

Jeff. Thompson is at New Madrid in command of 1,200 men.

Gen. Floyd is at Scottsville, 25 miles from Bowling Green, with 3,000 men. It is believed in the South that he left Western Virginia, not because he was defeated, but because of the scarcity of provisions. They say his men lived on boiled chestnuts and dried apples for two months previous to their retreat from Virginia.

Gen. McCulloch is in command of a regiment of cavalry near Manassas.

Gen. D. M. Frost, of Camp Jackson notoriety, is at Jacksonport, Ark., recruiting a brigade. He has raised 150 men thus far, or rather that number was raised for him in Memphis.

There are no troops whatever in Memphis—nothing that looks like war, except the manufacture of army clothing, etc.

It was reported, and fully credited in Memphis and New Orleans, a few days before our informant left the former place, that the rebels had evacuated Galveston, Texas, and had gone to Houston, and that the Federal forces had taken possession of Galveston.

There were no troops at Memphis, all having been sent to Bowling Green and Columbus.

The resignation of Gen. Pillow was a source of disappointment to a great many. Pillow, it appears, wanted to reinforce Bowling Green, and General Polk declined to let him leave Columbus. He then threw up his commission in a fit of indignation. He is now at Bowling Green as a "spectator," but it is thought he will again enter the service.

Pillow is so indignant at John Bull Run Russell's account of his military going on when he took the great special Irons from his camp, that he has sent a challenge to Russell.

The Union Forces in Eastern Kentucky.

THE ARMY in Kentucky, under Generals Thomas and Schoepff, we regret to see, cannot advance into East Tennessee, nor get much beyond Monticello—and so all hope of breaking the Tennessee Railroad for the present is to be given up, at least until Gen. Buell has won a victory at or about Bowling Green. A Kentucky correspondent says: "It is almost utterly impossible to feed troops at Somerset. An idea may be had of the state of this country when I say that in a trip from Stanford to beyond Monticello I saw not a shock of fodder, a stalk of hay or a crib of corn. The presence of a rebel army in East Tennessee would be as devastating as that of a rebel army, inasmuch as they would prove guests, who would have to be subsisted by hosts who, poor at all times, are now hardly able to subsist themselves."

Gen. Halleck's Proclamation.

GEN. HALLECK has issued a proclamation dated St. Louis, Feb. 4th, ordering the officials and professors of the University of Mis-

souri to take the oath of allegiance. He also orders that the presidents and directors of all railroad companies in this State will be required to take and subscribe to the oath of allegiance in the form, within the time, and under the penalties prescribed in the preceding paragraph. They will also be required to file bonds for such sums as may be designated by the Provost-Marshal-General that they will employ no conductors, engineers, station-masters, or other officers, agents or employees who have not taken the oath of allegiance, and who are not loyal to the United States. No contracts will hereafter be made by quartermasters or commissaries in this department with persons who do not take and subscribe to an oath of allegiance similar to that prescribed by the act of Congress, approved Aug. 10th, 1861. Purchasing officers are prohibited from making purchases of persons of known disloyalty to the Government. Where articles necessary for the public service are held only by disloyal persons, and cannot be purchased of Union men, the fact will be reported to these headquarters, when the proper instructions will be given.

Blockade of Charleston.

THE Charleston Mercury of Jan. 28th says: "Observations made yesterday afternoon show that the Yankees have sunk 10 or 12 hulks on the Rattlesnake Shoal, about six miles from Beach Channel. There is one vessel with her masts still visible, just inside the Rattlesnake Shoal, not yet sunk, but evidently ready for sinking."

Reoccupation of Romney.

THE tides of war ebb and flow in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Virginia. The town of Romney, which was some time ago occupied by the forces under Gen. Kelley, who, however, retired some what precipitately on the approach of the rebel Gen. Jackson with a "superior force," has again been occupied by Gen. Lander's column of National troops. On the 9th Gen. Lander advanced on the place at the head of 7,000 men, when the rebels, although equal in numbers, retreated precipitately, burning the bridge over the river in their rear, near the town, to prevent pursuit.

Capture of Rebels on the Potomac.

EARLY on the morning of the 7th the Cameron Dragoons, numbering 800 men, went out in the direction of Fairfax Court House, for the purpose of capturing the secession pickets. Near Germantown they surprised a party of 13 rebels belonging to the 1st North Carolina and 1st Virginia Cavalry, whom they captured after exchanging shots. One rebel was killed, and Captain Wilson, of the Cameron Dragoons, was wounded in the neck. The prisoners, with their horses and rifles, were brought to Washington.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

A GENTLEMAN lately from New Orleans has given a statement to the Chicago Tribune of matters and things in that city. He states that an agent was sent a short time ago from that city to the rebel camps in Tennessee, with donations from the citizens for the soldiers. On his return his unofficial statements were about as follows:

"I tell you, you have no idea of the suffering there among our troops. It would make your heart bleed to see them lying there sick and dying without nurses and medicine. New Orleans has done a great deal, but she must do more."

A By-stander—"But why don't people up there do something?"
"Well, I'll tell you. The fact is, about one-half of them say they never wanted the troops to come there at all, and don't care how soon they are removed. The other half are doing all they can, but cannot do all."

"Why don't they set these niggers to tending the sick?"
"Well, that's the saddest point in the whole. The niggers say that if they were Lincoln soldiers they would attend them."

A By-stander (hotly)—"Why don't they shoot the treacherous sons of—?"
"Well (meaningly) they don't think it's quite safe up there to begin that sort of thing."

A LARGE number, in fact the greater part of the Southern troops, are what are called "twelve months men," in other words, men who enlisted for only one year. The time of some is already out, and it seems that their indisposition to re-enlist occasions great alarm to the rebel Government, which is making every kind of appeal to induce those in the field to renew their enlistments. The pathetic character of some of these later appeals implies that the soldiers are not in "listing mood." We quote the following appeal from Gen. Holmes commanding the Aquia district, dated Jan. 11th:

"The Major-General commanding this district urges upon the troops the importance of re-enlisting for three years, or the war, so soon as the rolls are presented to them for that purpose. Nobly as our people have resisted the aggressions of the enemy, great as are the sacrifices which have been made by all, the present indications do not justify the belief that our struggle is near its end. It would be wicked to disguise the truth. We have to contend against a powerful and wealthy nation, possessing vast resources for war, with an immense army already occupying our territory and our strong places—with an active navy closing our ports, and with a whole people maddened by baffled hatred. The Northern army now in our front will in a few months be sufficiently organized and well disciplined. Its able commander craftily and surely bides the time when the term of enlistment of our troops expires, as the propitious moment for his advance. He believes he will then find our ranks thinned, or corps disorganized, and that he can pour his legions over our weakened positions, and triumphantly execute upon our undefended country the behests of the despotic advocates of emancipation, who have inspired this horrid war. Our existence as a nation, the defense of our homes and the honor of our women, forbids us to be lagging now. It is the solemn duty of every man to dedicate himself to his country until every foot of Southern soil is purged of the pollution of invasion, until this war is ended. We dare not for one moment relax our vigilance or lay aside our arms until we have discharged this sacred duty. By order of Major-General Holmes."

SALE OF NEGROES.—The Richmond Dispatch has the following: "Morristown, Tennessee, Jan. 21, 1862.—To-day there was an auction sale at this place of 46 negroes. The following are the ages and prices of some of the sales: One negro girl, aged 17 years, brought \$1,500. Another girl, aged 17 years, brought \$1,570. Negro fellow, aged 23 years, brought \$1,880—blacksmith. Negro fellow, aged 20 years, brought \$1,800. Negro girl, aged 13 years, brought \$1,300. Negro girl, aged 12 years, brought \$1,100. All of them were purchased by citizens of the neighborhood and country. They were a lot of negroes belonging to the estate of L. D. Franklin, deceased, and before and at the time of his death a resident of an adjoining neighborhood, and was one of our wealthiest citizens. His estate, clear of liabilities, turns out to be worth between \$700,000 and \$800,000. This is a convincing proof of the terrible depreciation of the currency of the Southern Confederacy. Slaves have gone down 50 per cent. in value, and currency nearly cent per cent."

THE STEAMER MERRIMAC READY.—The Norfolk Day Book says that the Merrimac is ready for service. The sloop-of-war Plymouth is off Craney Island, and the rebels are removing the obstructions in the Elizabeth river, so as to allow the Merrimac to come down and go up to Newport News to engage the Cumberland and Congress, now stationed there. When the Merrimac comes out the Yorktown will come down the James river. It will be a tough engagement. The Merrimac mounts 100-pounders of the Armstrong pattern. The Plymouth mounts 149-pound navy guns. She will be assisted by a fleet of small boats, each armed with rifled guns. This is all very formidable on paper. The United States have to oppose to them the Minnesota, 44; Ronoka, 44; Jamestown, 20; Monticello, 6; a barge, 6, and several tugboats, each with rifled guns. At Newport News there are the Congress, 50; Cumberland, 24, and Dawn, 5. The Rip-Raps and Fortresses Monroe, and the battery at Newport News will have a hand in the fight. A later number of the Day Book admits that the Merrimac is a failure in many important respects. When launched it was found that her displacement was much greater than anticipated, and it became necessary to place her in the dry-dock again immediately, to prevent her sinking by her own weight, and in doing this she was badly strained. The Day Book consoles itself with the idea that she will do for a floating battery.

A SEVERE censorship is exercised on all the papers in the South. A. R. Cazanar, formerly connected with the Enquirer of this city, now editor of the Memphis Argus, was before the Military Committee on two or three different occasions, for publishing articles condemning the course of the Confederate Government in certain military matters. He was warned each time that unless he moderated his tone the Argus would be suppressed. A similar sentence has been passed on several other editors and journals.

WESTERN NEWS.

LEAVENWORTH, Feb. 3.—Commissioner Wm. P. Dale had an interview on Saturday with the various Indian chiefs, including the loyal Crooks and Seminoles. The Commissioner promised to aid the loyal Indians against the rebels, and the chiefs agreed to take the field with their warriors. Col. Ditzler, of the Kansas 1st, and Col. Jennison, of the 7th, have been appointed Acting Brigadier-Generals. The friends of Gen. Lane declare that he will enter the military service, if he has to serve as a private.

THE Chicago Tribune says that 12 steamers filled with troops under the charge of Com. Graham, left Cairo Feb. 3d to join a larger force at an unknown port.

PERSONAL.

PRIVATE intelligence from Bath, Va., states that the Hon. John Strother died there about ten days ago, and his death is attributed to treatment experienced from the rebels, who, some time previous, made a descent upon his estate, destroying and carrying off property amounting to many thousands of dollars, and treating him with great indignity. His last moments were soled by many relatives, including the wife of his son, D. I. Strother (Porte Crayon). Mr. Strother, it will be recollected, placed himself at first in the breach against secession, and exerted an extended influence to prevent Virginia from committing political suicide. His labors were compensated by an arrest and imprisonment at Richmond, from which he was subsequently released, and allowed to remain at his home in Bath. This loss to his fellow-citizens and the Union cause in Western Virginia is almost irreparable.

THE Philadelphia Press, with a gravity worthy of Rabelais, says, "The rumor that Commodore Nutt would succeed Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, turns out to be a joke. Commodore Nutt is Barnum's protégé, and not 18 inches in length." We must confess we don't see what inches have to do with the matter; it is honest the public demands.

THE present Duke of Wellington will inherit and enjoy the title of Prince of Waterloo, which Belgium gave to the Iron Duke. So the Belgian Chambers have just decided.

AGASSIZ is lecturing in Brooklyn to crowded and delighted audiences.

THE World says, Mr. Gregory, M. P. for Galway, was the great Southern champion last session in the House of Commons. Our Dublin correspondent writes us that "he has reason to believe that he is at present, and has been for some time past, in the Southern States. He is very intimate with Lord Palmerston, is a clever fellow, and in very needy circumstances. You may look upon him as an agent of the English Government."

DR. RUSSELL, of the London Times, was in Toronto on Saturday, whence he was to go to Montreal and Quebec. The Toronto Leader thus alludes to his future movements: "No doubt the small, superficial, bombast correspondents of the New York papers were commencing to be jubilant over the absence of Dr. Russell, whose educated letters have so far placed the flippantly written correspondence of the American press so very far below all respectable tastes. But they will soon be disappointed by the Dr.'s return to Washington." So we are not to get rid of Bull Run Russell after all.

HON. JOSEPH SIBLEY died recently at his residence in the town of Rush, N. Y., at the age of 78 years. He was a prominent man in the affairs of this State. He was born in Sandlake, Hensselaer county, and came to Western New York in 1824. At Eliz. he cleared up a farm, but soon moved to Chili, and commenced the milling business. During the war with Great Britain he was a volunteer. Subsequently he held the positions of first County Judge of Monroe county, Justice of Peace, Supervisor, Member of the Legislature, Canal Superintendent and Collector of the port of Genesee.

COL. T. B. THORPE read a paper before the Historical Society, on Tuesday, the 4th, on "The History of Cotton," and was greeted with an audience so overflowing as to be most complimentary. The lecture seemed to give great satisfaction, and was received with much applause. We learn that it is soon to be repeated.

PROF. LARNED, of Yale College, died at his house in New Haven, on Monday, the 3d February, of apoplexy.

MR. MARK LEMON, the Jewish editor of Punch, is lecturing in London.

MR. BENEDICT, the English composer, is actually going to inflict that transferable story, Colleen Bawn, upon the public, in the shape of an Opera. That worn-out old scribbler, Planche, is writing the libretto.

DR. OTTO FULLGRAFF, the founder and manager of the Bond Street Dispensary, has just presented his seventh annual report of that most useful institution. The number of patients since last year has increased from 3,018 to 6,150. Being free to the poor, it ought to be encouraged in these trying times.

THE materials for a correct biography of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon have been placed by his relatives in the hands of Dr. Ashbel Woodward, of Franklin, Conn., and the work will shortly be forthcoming.

GEN. SCOTT is going to Key West for the benefit of his health, and the sloop-of-war Richmond is preparing to take him out. The Washington correspondent of the Times intimates the probability that Gen. Scott will proceed to Mexico as a special envoy to the Government.

THAT most enterprising person, Stephen Massett, delivered a lecture at the Church of the Redemption in East Fourteenth street, to aid in raising funds to support that church. It was well and fashionably attended—a compliment the talented lecturer deserved.

GERHITT SMITH has written a most dignified but severe letter to the people of England through Mr. George Thompson, who formerly visited America as an Abolition lecturer. He is now in the British Parliament, but has little influence.

FANNY KEMBLE read on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst., Shakespeare's play of Henry V., for the benefit of St. George's Society. Irving Hall was filled to overflowing.

MALONE RAYMOND, an English manager and actor of considerable reputation, and author of a Life of Elliston, died on the 10th January, in London. He was nearly 70 years old.

THAT noble specimen of a French soldier and gentleman, Gen. Theodore Xavier Thomas, Count de Bougars, died on the 30th January, in his 70th year. Gen. Bougars was an officer high in rank in the French army, and during the Mexican war he commanded a regiment of volunteers from this State, distinguishing himself in a marked manner. He belonged to a noble family in his native country, inheriting the title of Count from his father, and was greatly esteemed as a man of ability. Several years ago he took great interest in the militia organizations of this city, and was one of the original members of the Garde Lafayette. The funeral was quite imposing, detachments of two or three different military companies escorting the remains, which were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

A PRESENTATION.—Edward Ryan, recently employed on the New Jersey City Ferry, having been appointed Master's Mate in the United States Navy, was, on Monday evening, presented with a regulation sword by his fellow employees. Mr. Frank Smith was selected to make the presentation, which he did in the following effective speech: "There is your sword; how do you like it?" Mr. Ryan being taken by surprise, with great emotion, replied, "That is truly a first-rate." Frank Smith writes some capital stories, but not in so pithy a style as his oratory.

GORDON, who was to have been executed last Friday for slave trading, has been reprieved by the President for a fortnight. It is said that his Excellency has been induced to take this step, lest the Southern Confederacy should murder some of our soldiers now in their hands.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—This house has been crowded throughout the week to witness the old comedies, "Town and Country," "Speed the Plough," and the "Poor Gentleman," have by turns been so admirably represented, that the audience forgot they were listening to plays which had delighted our grandfathers.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Mr. Hackett has completed his engagement here, and left the stage to the excellent company now performing here. Encouraged by the success of the old comedies at Wallack's, "Wild Oats" was produced, and with a most admirable cast. With such admirable actors as Mark Smith, Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Mrs. Barrow and Mrs. Wallack, an artistic uniformity is secured, which puts the egotism of a star display to the blush.

WINTER GARDEN.—The "Naiad Queen" is still the great attraction as a spectacle, accompanied by other pieces, in which Mr. Clarke and Mr. Davidge perform the leading characters. These popular actors are so painstaking in their different styles, that it is quite a study to see them—merely as contrasts.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The great attraction for the past week has been that gigantic littleness, Commodore Nutt. He gains upon the public in favor, on account of his great cleverness, doing most things with a saffroid which has almost a Sir Charles Coldstream in them. Small as the Commodore now is, Barnum will make a man of him in the three years campaign he has undertaken on his behalf.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Mr. Dan Rice, the eminent humorist, has rendered Stickney's National Circus a place of fashionable resort, the denizens of the west end becoming quite sociable with their democratic though genial neighbors of the Bowery. The blind horse "Excelsior" Jun., is a wonder. Mr. Rice, in his conversation, is chaste, refined and original. He will play this week only at the Bowery. His bene it will occur on Friday, the 14th inst.

LA GRANGE, as charming and accomplished a lyric vocalist as ever appeared in this city or any other, has just made a great hit in

Madrid, in Lucia. The King and Queen were present, and frequently applauded. The next day the Queen sent her Chamberlain to compliment Madame La Grange on her great success.

MADAME LABORDE has taken up her permanent residence in London, after a successful engagement at the opera-house in Brussels.

THE celebrated Listz, who is wintering in Rome, has just completed an oratorio, entitled "Santa Elisabetta."

MR. GOTTSCHALK'S CONCERTS.

MR. GOTTSCHALK'S return to his native country, after an absence of five years, was hailed as an event of so much importance, that on Tuesday last when the gentleman gave his first concert, the entire musical world of the metropolis—which includes within its pleasant limits all the pretty girls and, *salubre dictu*, most of the ugly men—seemed to be stirred to its centre. Niblo's Saloon was selected for Mr. Gottschalk's *rendezvous*, a venerable establishment that is beginning to be touched with ecclesiastical honors, and since its recent conversion resembles an *ex* generated chapel, or a subdued and contrite theatre. Long before the hour of opening all the best seats in the establishment had been sold. The house necessarily presented an extremely fashionable and brilliant appearance. It is mentioned by the management as a curious coincidence that it was in the same hall, and on the same day, nine years ago, that Mr. Gottschalk made his first appearance before the public. He was then fresh from his European studies and travels. A few attentive watchers after fame had heard the peans that were sounded in his honor from across the seas, but to the majority he was unknown and uncared for. He gave two concerts only—the first in the concert room, the second, in consequence of increased numbers, in the theatre. His success was startling to the many; complete and merited to the few. It was not of a character, however, to detain him, so he started southward, and for a year we could tell his course by the reverberations that reached us.

In 1856 Mr. Gottschalk returned, and gave fifteen concerts in succession without any auxiliary assistance whatever. It was at these pianoforte recitals that the young American's remarkable originality and genius revealed themselves. As a player Mr. Gottschalk possesses wonderful power and brilliancy of execution. He has evoked new effects from the instrument that none others had dreamt of; his touch is perfect, and he can accomplish better than any pianist living that most difficult of all feats, making the piano sing. In Mr. Gottschalk's smallest compositions there are elegance and elevation of thought, striking originality in the position of the parts, and infinite variety in the harmonies. It seems indeed as if it were impossible for him to do a thing in the common way. When these works are played by the master himself, nothing can well exceed the charm of combined style and precision.

Mr. Gottschalk's concerts have been organized on a large plan, and are evidently intended to last for several weeks. The best members of Mr. Grant's late Italian opera company assist in the vocal department. Miss Hinkley, Signor Brignoli, Signor Susini, Signor Marchese, and other well-known names, are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the singing. These favorite artists are always received with satisfaction by a New York audience.

We shall preserve for future notice a consideration of the pieces played by Mr. Gottschalk, and shall then, in a more elaborate way, explain wherein the great American pianist differs from his predecessors. Our purpose now is simply to put on record the gentleman's return, and in doing so it is but right to mention that Mr. Richard Hoffman, a brother artist of the first class, lent his aid to the occasion, and played with Mr. Gottschalk. Although Mr. Hoffman had but little to do, and not the slightest opportunity of "showing off," we doubt if he has ever been seen to greater advantage. His presence was a reproach to the mean-spirited and miserable pretenders, who, from the depths of their conceit, are incapable and unwilling to recognise the possibility of an American being a great artist.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE steamer Columbus, wrecked at Punta de Remedios on the coast of San Salvador, C. A., had on board 1,250 packages merchandise for Northern Salvador and Guatemala, valued at \$1,500,000. The captain arrived here in the Northern Light. The Columbus was not insured.

BALMORAL, it appears, belonged to Prince Albert, being purchased with his own money. He has left it to the Queen absolutely.

THE question of the right of citizenship has been definitely settled in Prussia. Henceforth, any person having remained abroad for 10 years will be required, under penalty of losing his civil and political rights, to go through the formalities of naturalization on returning to Prussia. This question had been raised on the return home of a number of Prussian subjects who took advantage of the amnesty.

THE export of cotton from the Bombay Presidency in 1859 was only 250,000 bales, and in 1860 371,000. For the year ending the 30th September last the export had reached 916,538 bales, and prices in many instances had doubled.

IN a wealthy family of Vienna the husband made his wife a New Year's gift of a dozen pairs of gloves. Indignant at such stinginess, the lady, as soon as her husband's back was turned, flung the gloves into the fire. Explanations ensued at table, and what was the irreconcilable lady's astonishment on learning that each pair of gloves was wrapped up in a bank note for 100 florins.

THE following note appears in the London Morning Star and Dial:

"To the Editor of the Star and Dial:
"Sir—May I be allowed, through your columns, to suggest to Messrs. Mason and Skidell, if they favor this country with a visit, that they should restrain their curiosity, not show themselves too freely in public, and, in particular, not pay a visit to Barclay's brewery?"

"I am, sir, yours most obediently,"

"London, January 9, 1862." "A FRIEND TO 'THE INSTITUTION.'"

THE order for the court mourning in England for Prince Albert is this: Ladies to wear black silk dresses trimmed with ermine, and black shoes and gloves, black fans, feathers and ornaments. The gentlemen to wear black court dress, with black swords and buckles and plain linen. The court further to change the mourning on Monday, the 17th of February next, viz: The ladies to wear black dresses with white gloves, black or white shoes, fans and feathers, and pearls, diamonds or plain gold or silver ornaments. The gentlemen to wear black court dress, with black swords and buckles. And on Monday, the 10th of March next, the court to go out of mourning.

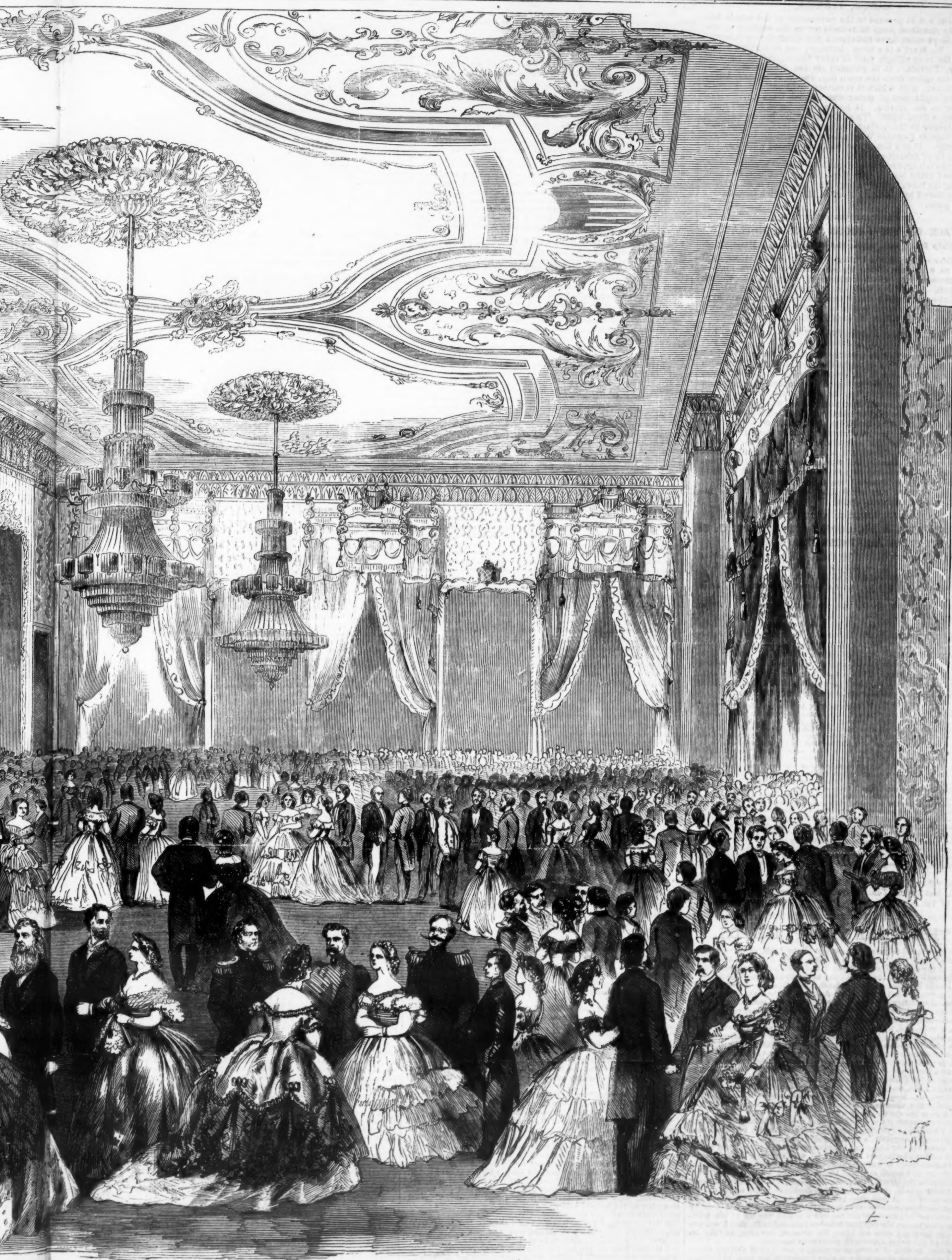
THE RAFFAELLE COLLECTION IN ENGLAND.—Among the chosen collections which the Prince Consort has left behind is one of singular interest. It is not, perhaps, generally known that he had been an ardent collector for many years of everything that illustrates the history of Raffaele's works. Agents were employed in every part of Europe; printed lists of desiderata were occasionally sent to them, and every article that could be obtained for love or money was secured. The collection, as it now stands, consists of the best engravings after Raffaele's pictures and drawings, with photographs of the pictures, whenever these could be obtained, and photographs and facsimiles of the designs and studies for them, which remain in the various Continental galleries—the examples so arranged as to show the growth of each subject in the artist's mind, from the first sketch to the perfect development of his idea on canvas. All the known Raffaele drawings are included; also the doubtful, under proper description. Wherever a more recent painter has drawn his materials from the great master, a copy of the work is placed beside the original, so as to show at a glance the full extent of his obligation. The architectural designs are also included. No such illustrations and indications of Raffaele can be seen elsewhere in the world. When completed, it was his Royal Highness's intention to place this noble collection among the art treasures of the print-room at Windsor Castle, where it would have been easily accessible.

ON the 7th ult. a little amusement was created in Dale street, Liverpool, by a crowd which was following in the track of two well-dressed but somewhat remarkable-looking gentlemen, who were walking arm-in-arm. In answer to inquiries, it was stated that the gentlemen were Messrs. Mason and Skidell, the Confederate Commissioners, who, it was said, were on their way to the Town Hall to pay their respects to the Mayor. At this intimation the crowd accumulated rapidly, and to the Town Hall the strangers proceeded with due gravity. Here it was learned that the "illustrious visitors" were Tom Sayers and his circus manager, on their way to attempt an arrangement of some technical difficulty by which the erection of his circus in Dale street was prevented. We quite sympathize with the pugilist and showman, who are good, honest men, no doubt, for the indignity offered to them by the bare supposition.

EXPORT OF COTTON TO AMERICA.—The export of cotton from Liverpool to America still continues, and at present there are three steamers taking in entire cargoes of cotton, whilst numerous sailing-vessels are also taking on board quantities of the same article. The human line of New York steamers, on account of their carrying capacities and sailing qualities, have been especially patronized by the shippers of cotton to New York, as the quick transit of this article across the Atlantic is the chief desideratum. The screw-steamer Glasgow, of the above line, last week carried out to New York about 2,000 bales. On looking over the different shipments of cotton to America since the 1st of December last up to January 11, we find that the total amount exported has been 14,479 bales, while the quantity of American cotton now at sea en route to Liverpool is 65 bales, against 250,940 bales at the same time last year.



THE GRAND PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY



THE REBEL STEAMER SPRAY CHASED INTO ST. MARK'S, FLORIDA.

ST. MARK'S is at present in the possession of the rebels, but it is not destined long to remain so, as the capture of the Cedar Keys must have convinced the Confederate Government. St. Mark's is a most charming and important place, being the post village, port of entry and capital of Wakulla county, Florida. It is situated on the Apalachee river, about six miles from the open bay, and is 26 miles south of Tallahassee, with which it is connected by railway. Vessels drawing eight feet of water can ascend from the Gulf of Mexico to St. Mark's. It has a lighthouse, 73 feet high, showing a fixed light. This is situated on the east side of the entrance to the harbor. About 28 miles from St. Mark's is the famous fountain Wachulla, celebrated for its wonderful purity. It is a limestone basin of crystal water, and is said to be of fabulous depth.

Our sketch represents our gunboat Mohawk, eight guns, and the United States prize sloop George B. Sloat, one gun, chasing the rebel steamer Spray into the harbor of St. Mark's, and sheltered by the rebel Fort William, which mounts five heavy guns.

ATTACK OF THE FAMOUS REBEL IRON-PLATED

War Ship Ram, etc., upon the U. S. Steamer Mississippi.

AN officer on board the United States steamer Mississippi sends us a sketch of the attack made by HOLLIN's famous war monster and another steamer, upon the blockading squadron. The Mississippi was lying off the Passe à l'Ouvre, one of the entrances to New Orleans, when the affair happened. As we always prefer to let the sailor be his own historian, we give it in his own words:

FRIGATE MISSISSIPPI, OFF PASSE A L'OUVER, }
January 4th, 1862. }

The accompanying is a correct sketch of our action on New Year's Day. At daylight that morning, the Ram, with another war steamer in the distance, were discovered from the mast-head; the thick fog-bank prevented our seeing them from the deck. They had evidently run down the night before for the amiable purpose of making an attack upon us during the night. But owing to the thick fog which prevailed, were prevented from doing so. At 10 A. M. the rebels fired the keeper's dwelling near the lighthouse. Towards night the Mississippi's fire compelled them to return up the Pass. The Ram is an iron-clad construction, apparently bombproof. But whatever she was, she did not remain long after being struck by the second shot we fired at her. We were distant from them two miles; owing to the shallow water and great draft of this ship, it was impossible to get nearer to them.

BURNING OF A REBEL SUPPLY SHIP BY THE U. S. STEAMERS ALBATROSS AND GEMSBOK.

THE enormous prices paid by the rebels for various articles have induced many to run the blockade and take their chance. At the earlier stages this was not so desperate, but now the chances are so remote that we are justified in assuming that our blockade of Southern ports is about as effective as human agency can make it. An officer of the Albatross has sent us a sketch of the burning of the ship York of Dublin, a vessel which was bound with a valuable cargo to Beaufort, North Carolina. Unfortunately our gallant sailors did not discover her till the rebels had taken out much of her cargo. Seeing there was no chance of escape the captain ran his vessel ashore on the sandbank which stretches southward from Cape Lookout to Bogue Inlet, about three miles from the latter place. We refer our readers for the details to our artist-correspondent's letter:

U. S. STEAMER ALBATROSS, Jan. 23, 1862.
About 9 A. M., on the 16th inst., our lookout reported a ship ashore. We at once steamed for it, and at 11 A. M. made it out to be the ship York of Dublin, within 200 yards of the beach. At noon the U. S. barque Gembok bore in sight and run down for us. Capt. Prentiss ordered her to anchor close by the ship, and we anchored about 300 yards to the eastward of the barque. The boats were called away "armed." We now perceived about 300 or 350 rebels in the woods within rifle shot of the beach, but behind a sandbank, so that we could not shell them; about 3 P. M., our guns being trained, and the vessels in position, to open on the rebels should they show themselves, the boats shoved off and pulled in for the ship. The rebels, observing our movements, at the near approach of our boats made a hasty retreat, they having a small schooner ready for the occasion. We came alongside the York, and Acting-Master Dubois, with one man from the Gembok, jumped aboard her and found the rebels had taken everything movable away. We set fire to her, it being impossible to get her off, and in five minutes smoke began to rise from her cabin and main hatchway. It is hard to say whether she has been run ashore intentionally or not. Most probably she has, finding she could not run the blockade, and close this mode of delivering her cargo; if so, she succeeded. They would, no doubt, have got rigging, &c., enough to fit out another vessel if we had not burnt her.

The scene of this incident is about 18 miles from Beaufort, N. C., and about 17 miles from Fort Macon, still in possession of the rebels.

THE CHANGE OF HEADS.

"GOOD-BYE, old fellow; don't get lost in the bush, or eaten by the natives," were the last words of a dozen of my friends as I entered a cab at the door of Long's, where I had been partaking with them of a farewell dinner, and drove away to the Paddington Station.

A cousin of mine, at whose death a considerable fortune would come to me, had left England for Australia some half dozen years before. One letter only had been received by me, dated a few weeks after his arrival, since which no tidings of him had reached England. Advertisements remained unanswered, the researches of the police were in vain, and, as he had never drawn any of the considerable sums which stood to his credit at his bank, the conclusion forced upon his relations was that he must have met with his death at the earlier and more lawless period of the gold fever. In order, however, to make one last effort for his discovery, I determined myself to take a trip to the antipodes, and thus it was that I came to be on my way to the Paddington Station, in order to reach Plymouth by the night-train, and sail the next morning in the Highflyer.

"Now, sir, look sharp, train's just a-going to start," cried a hoarse porter, shooting me head first into a carriage, and, with a shriek from the engine, away we went.

After arranging my rug and making myself thoroughly comfortable, I had leisure to observe my fellow-traveller, for I had but one. He presented, certainly, a most singular appearance. He must have been about six feet high; but his extreme fatness, heightened by the many coats and wrappers in which he was swathed, made him appear rather less. It was not, however, the huge size of his body that struck me with wonder; it was his head. Had I been walking behind him in the streets, I should have said, "This fellow in front must have a jolly, comely face, with a double chin and a rosy color." Not a bit of it. It was thin and cadaverous, the eyes deep-set and hungry-looking, and the complexion ghastly pale, relieved alone by the extreme brightness of the red which graced the tip of his nose. So grotesque was the contrast between face and body, that I was unable to keep my eyes off him. He seemed, however, to take no notice of me, being apparently plunged in thought.

At last, by dint of constant staring, I felt myself sinking into a kind of magnetic sleep, and was soon wandering in a maze of dreams, in which the white face with the red nose always played a prominent

part. I woke suddenly with a start. The scent of a delicious Havana regaled my nose—my friend opposite was decidedly offending against the by-laws. I sat up, and rubbed my eyes.

"No objection to smoking, I hope, sir? I should have asked your permission before I lighted up, but you were so comfortably asleep, that I did not like to rouse you."

"None in the world."

"Then perhaps you will join me," said he, tendering his cigar-case.

The cigars were good. We smoked a first, a second, nay a third, in silence. It was not until he had thrown the stump of the last out of the window that he again spoke.

"Going to Plymouth?"

"Yes."

"Going to make any stay?"

"Why, no, I sail for Australia in the morning."

"Australia! Ah, I think of going there myself in a week or two."

"On business, I presume, as no one goes there for pleasure."

"Yes, sir, on most important business—to look for my head."

"To look for what?"

"For my head."

To look for his head! Why, I was travelling with a maniac, a wretch who might at any moment assert that the head I carried on my shoulders was his property, and insist upon at once twisting my neck in order to regain it. I looked out of the window. The train was spinning along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. To jump out would have been certain death. How I wished that the revolver which lay snugly in the bottom of my portmanteau were in my pocket loaded to the muzzle!

I suppose that my alarm showed itself in my face; for my companion, after regarding me for some time with an air of amusement, which did not at all tend to allay my fears, remarked,

"Ah! I see you think me mad. So should I, were I in your place. But I can assure you that I am not; and perhaps you will be convinced of it when you have heard my story, which, if you do not want to go to sleep again, I will tell you."

To sleep again! A cold shudder ran through me as I thought how unaccountably I had slumbered, my unprotected head exposed to the attack of this lunatic. To humor him, however, I expressed great anxiety to hear his tale, which, as nearly as I can remember, he narrated in the following words:

"But a few months ago there was not a better-looking fat man than myself in Europe. This portly frame supported a head which would have served for that of Apollo, had Apollo suddenly grown stout. To that head I attached with the most scrupulous care. My hair and whiskers were daily oiled and curled by an eminent professor; not a spot did I allow to make its appearance on my skin. My complexion was, I may venture to say, magnificent. True, I did not, like old Q., sleep with beefsteaks on my cheeks, but I employed every legitimate means, such as air, exercise and first-rate living, to preserve unimpaired the considerable good looks with which Nature had endowed me. I was a bachelor in easy circumstances, without either trade or profession to hamper my movements, possessing great capacity for enjoyment, and I enjoyed myself accordingly. Towards the latter end of last July, on my return from a stay of some length at Vienna, I found myself at Baden-Baden. I knew no one in the place; and, being of a sociable disposition, I was only too glad to enter into conversation with my neighbor at the table d'hôte of the Hotel d'Angleterre. He certainly was not prepossessing in aspect. He was barely five feet high, thin as a skeleton, and possessing a hideous countenance, which, from its ghastly paleness, might have passed for that of a corpse, had it not been for the bright red of the tip of the nose, maintained by copious libations of Burgundy, which he swallowed by the bucketful, without its appearing to produce upon him any intoxicating effect; in short, you may judge of his appearance by looking at the head I now wear, which is or rather was his. Despite his ugliness, however, he was a most agreeable companion, and the life and soul of the company. What countryman he might be I was unable to guess, as he was in turn claimed as a compatriot by Germans, French, Russians, English, Italians, Spaniards, in fact by every member of the varied nationalities who thronged the hotel. In all tongues he seemed alike at home; nay, a Portuguese, who had passed a great part of his life in Africa, asserted that he spoke Congolese so fluently, that had his skin been black, he should have taken him for a negro. Every one, however, admitted that, though decidedly plain, he was a most perfect gentleman, and a man of the most wonderful and varied information. It was in no way surprising, therefore, that I felt myself highly flattered by the marked attention with which he honored me, and by the deference which he paid to my opinions.

"In the evening the stranger, who called himself Urielli, proposed a walk in the Kursaal, to look at the players. I had never been a gambler; but still, for the sake of amusement, I ventured a few pieces, which soon went into the pockets of the bank. Urielli had remained a silent spectator of the game while I was playing; but after I had lost my last Napoleon, he took the seat I had vacated, and commenced staking largely. His luck was wonderful. In a few minutes he had a perfect pile of gold before him, and I saw that I was a part of envy seize upon me as he won time after time; and had I not been completely penniless, I should certainly have again tried my luck. The following day matters took the same course; I played, and lost; he took my seat, and won. On this occasion, however, I had furnished my pockets more amply, and my losses were considerable.

"I left the snail determined not to tempt fortune again, but the next evening found me seated in the same spot with all the ready money I possessed—a very large sum—in my pockets. As usual Urielli stood behind me and looked on. My ill-luck still pursued me. I lost coup after coup, and with my money I lost my temper. I was reduced to about 20 napoleons when Urielli remarked,

"I think you had better leave off playing—luck is dead against you."

"What does that matter to you?" said I, angrily, delighted to have an opportunity of venting my spleen. "Perhaps," I added, rudely, "if I had such an ugly head on my shoulders as you I might be as fortunate."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied he, smiling blandly, "and if you would like to try the experiment, and would just step out with me for a few minutes, we can readily exchange."

"Sir," said I, "I am in no humor to be laughed at."

"My dear fellow," he replied, "I would not take such a liberty for worlds; but I assure you, in sober earnest, that the whole matter can be arranged in a moment, without its causing you the slightest inconvenience. To convince you, I will just raise my head an inch or two from my neck; I cannot pull it off here any further, as it might attract too much attention, and be construed as an offence against the conventionalities of society, for which I have the highest respect."

"As he spoke he raised his hand to his head, and to my utter astonishment lifted it a short distance into the air, and then replaced it.

"You see there is no difficulty about it at all; it is a mere trick which I learnt in China. Come along, and let us exchange."

I rose from the table and followed him into the grounds. Seizing his own hair with the left hand and mine with the right, he gave a couple of skilful twists, and before I had time to utter an exclamation, I saw my head smiling at me from his shoulders and felt his upon mine!

"I hope," said he, "you will treat my property with the greatest care. I have a little business to transact which will occupy me about an hour. Meet me here in that time, and we will re-exchange."

He saluted me politely, and I turned to re-enter the hall; but ere I had gone half-a-dozen paces a peal of devilish laughter, which made me shudder, burst upon my ears. I turned hastily round, but could see no one. My head and its temporary owner had disappeared among the trees. "Bah!" thought I, "it is but fancy; my imagination is somewhat disordered by these strange events." I re-entered the gambling-room, and resumed my seat, which was still vacant. No one seemed to pay any attention to my altered appearance; probably they were too much intent upon the game. I played with astounding success. In half an hour I had broken the bank. Sweeping up the heap of gold and notes which lay on the table before me, I lighted my cigar and strolled out to await the arrival of Urielli. Placidly smoking, I paced to and fro for some time, arranging in my mind, greatly to my own satisfaction, nice little plans for the investment of my winnings. At last, however, when up-ards of an hour had elapsed from my leaving the Kursaal, I began to grow alarmed. What could be keeping Urielli? Supposing that some accident had happened to him, that he had broken his leg or perhaps his neck,

and that with my head in his possession. The perspiration stood upon my brow—I beg pardon, I should have said his—brow at the very thought. Every minute my anxiety increased. It was growing late. I could not possibly return to my hotel disguised as I was. How I cursed the folly that had induced me to make the fatal exchange. What an idiot I looked wandering up and down in thin boots, in a heavy dew, when every one else was comfortably seated at the supper-table. The thoughts of supper added the pangs of hunger to my other troubles. My anxiety to reach the gambling-saloon had prevented me doing justice to our excellent dinner, and yet if I ventured from the spot even to purchase a biscuit, Urielli might return in my absence. Eleven struck. In another half hour the whole town would be in bed. I made up my mind in sheer desperation, and hurried down to the hotel as fast as my legs would carry me. In the entrance-hall stood the dignified head-waiter. He received me, not with the bland affability he was in the habit of extending to a guest of some standing, but with the measured politeness which he always displayed towards strangers whose intention to become resident in the establishment was not as yet ascertained.

"Is Mr. Urielli at home?"

"No, sir; he went out with Mr. Clinton (my own name), and neither of them have as yet returned. But perhaps you are the gentleman for whom he sent this note by a messenger a couple of hours ago? The man said it was to be delivered to a person very much resembling Mr. Urielli in the face, and certainly you are so like him you might pass for his brother."

"I seized the note and tore it open. Its contents were as follows:

"DEAR CLINTON—When you receive this, your head will be with my body miles from hence. I really have taken so great a fancy to it that I cannot bring myself to part with it at present. *An revoir*. Take care of my nose. Don't allow its color to fade so long as you are in funds. Yours, URIELLI."

"P. S.—Don't play too much; you won't find my ugly phiz always bring you luck."

"The letter dropped from my hand. The full horror of my situation rushed upon me at once. Here was I utterly metamorphosed. A few hours before I had been handsome, happy, with abundance of means and plenty of friends. Now I was hideous, miserable, without even an acquaintance. True, I had a large sum of money in my pocket, but this would not last for ever, and when it was exhausted where was I to turn, what was I to do? For a moment I thought of telling my story to the waiter, verifying it by the letter, and claiming my name and property. But was it likely that he would believe me? Was it not infinitely more probable, nay certain, that he would regard me as a madman or an impostor, and in either case hand me over to the care of the police. With a heavy heart I quitted the hotel. I took up my abode at an humble inn, and after a sleepless night I rose early, and, without giving myself time to breakfast, I started by the early train for Frankfurt. Luckily, I had my passport about me, and was thus able to travel without exciting the suspicions of the authorities.

"Arrived at my journey's end, I supplied myself with a portmanteau, filled it with linen and other necessaries, and taking a conveyance, drove to the Swan. I had not eaten since the preceding day at dinner, and, despite my misfortunes, was ravenous. I ordered breakfast, and while it was preparing I took up a copy of the Times that happened to be lying on the table. I turned to the deaths, and there I read:

"On the 8th of May, at Calcutta, Colonel Hawkins, aged 57, deeply lamented."

"Good gracious! and was Hawkins dead? The man who had married the only woman whom I had ever loved, who, I felt sure, had loved me in return, and who had only wedded the liverless colonel under the pressure of the direst parental compulsion? I rose up from the table. My hunger was forgotten. I would fly to her at once. I would lay my fortune at her feet. I would—fool! idiot that I was! Had I any fortune? Was I even myself? Would she know me? Would she not order her domestics to kick me down-stairs as an impudent fortune-hunter? My agony was too much for me. I tore out my—no, no, his hair. Would that I could have torn off the horrid head itself, and so ended my troubles for ever. In my frenzy I laughed aloud. There was no one in the room, but close behind me I heard the same demon laughter which had greeted my ears in the gardens at Baden. I uttered an exclamation of horror. The sound seemed to die away in the passages. I rushed to the door like a madman, upsetting waiter, breakfast, everything.

"Which way did he go? I exclaimed to the astonished domestic, before he had time to rise from the ground.

"Who go, sir?"

"Mr. Urielli, the man with my head."

"There is no gentleman of that name here, sir," said the man, with a perplexed countenance; "and if you would allow me to offer you my advice, sir, it would be to see a doctor; you must certainly be in a state of fever."

"The folly of my conduct struck me at once. I bade the man bring me up another breakfast, and returned to the table. The Times still lay open upon it. I took it up again, and read as follows:

"DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Edmund Clinton and some friends went out in a small sailing-boat. Through some mismanagement the boat capsized, and although they were but a few yards from the pier, Mr. Clinton and one other gentleman whose name we have not ascertained were drowned. Mr. Clinton has left no will, and his large estates descend to a cousin."

"My eyes refused to see anything more. Yes, his estates did descend to a cousin, and that cousin was I; but, alas, never should I enjoy that noble property, never dwell in those ancestral halls, the possession of which had been the dream of my youth. I seized a knife, I was about to bury it in my heart, but at that instant I heard the waiter at the door and was calm. I devoured my breakfast, and when the pangs of hunger were appeased, some hope seemed to revisit my breast. Emily, alas, I must give up, that was clear; but as to the property, that was another matter. Even if I could not visit it, I might at any rate enjoy the income. I would write to Sharp & Shuffleton, my cousin's lawyers, they knew my handwriting well; I would plead ill-health as an excuse for remaining abroad, and request them to undertake the management of the property, and remit the rents to me. No sooner thought than done. In a few days I received an answer:

"Messrs. Sharp & Shuffleton were deeply grateful at this mark of my confidence, but private business of a most important nature, which could only be discussed at an interview, rendered it absolutely necessary that they should see me. Would I return to England, or should I prefer one of the partners waiting upon me in Frankfurt?"

"I replied that I was suddenly called away to India, that I should not be back for a year, that they were to look after my affairs in my absence, and that I would call on them immediately on my return."

"The next day I started on my search for Urielli. By accident I heard that such a person as I described had been seen to go on board the boat at Ostend for England. At once I returned home. For six weeks I have sought him everywhere, but without success. I am going down into Devonshire to take one look at the noble estates which I never shall possess, and then I leave England, determined to return to it no more, unless I bring with me my lost property, for which I fear there is but little hope."

As my companion finished his story the whistle of the engine told that we were approaching Exeter. He gathered together his wraps, drew out his portmanteau from beneath the seat, and with a melancholy "Good-night," quitted the carriage, and left me alone.

With what delight I saw him go may be imagined. A load seemed taken off my heart; I drew my breath freely again. In my delight I rose and danced in the carriage, I shouted, I sang, I laughed aloud. In fact, I behaved in a manner calculated to inspire any spectator with the idea that I had become suddenly deranged myself. At last worn out and wearied, I fell into a sound slumber. When I awoke the train was entering Plymouth.

My voyage to Australia resembled long voyages in general. Much lying in bed and small attendance at meals while in the Channel and Bay of Biscay; large musters on deck, much flirtation, conversation and music while in the Trades; and quarrels and jealousies without end by the time we had reached the Cape. So that I was anything but displeased when, one glorious evening, we sighted Cape Otway, and on the ensuing morning sailed merrily up the waters of Port Phillip, and cast anchor in Hobson's Bay.

The very next day after my arrival I commenced my search. I caused advertisements to be inserted in all the Melbourne and provincial papers, I employed the most skillful detectives, I offered large rewards for any intelligence, all in vain. After spending many weeks in Melbourne, while my emissaries searched all parts of the land, I determined myself to make a tour through the goldfields, partly to satisfy my curiosity, and partly to make one last effort to come upon the traces of my lost cousin.

My journey occupied me upwards of three months; by the end of which time the funds which I had brought with me from England were almost exhausted, and I was obliged to return to Melbourne to obtain the remittances which I expected to be awaiting me there. Dismounting from the Bendigo coach, and sending my luggage to my hotel, I proceeded straight to the bank, but found it shut, it being Saturday, upon which day all the banks close early. To get through the afternoon I took my way up Collier street, with the intention of proceeding to the Melbourne cricket ground, to witness a grand match between the north and south, which was that day coming off.

I had not gone very far when I saw standing at the door of a shop a tall and very fat man, with what must have been at one time a rather handsome head and face, but which certainly then presented an exceedingly ludicrous aspect. I have called him fat, but this should, in strictness, be confined to his body, as his face, though made on a large scale, was wretchedly thin and pale, the nose red and pinely, the skin blotchy, the eyes watery and red, the hair close cropped, the whiskers and beard short and stubby, as though only of a few days growth. The contrast presented was so absurd that I could not help staring at him in perhaps rather a rude manner. The stranger noticed it, and stepping out from the doorway, advanced to meet me, with the intention, as I imagined, of reproving my want of manners. I was about to offer an apology for my conduct, when, to my utter astonishment, he grasped me by the hand and exclaimed:

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to meet you. You see my journey to Australia was not in vain; I have, as you perceive, recovered my head."

It was then my companion of the railway carriage, and the story he had narrated to me was not the mere ravings of a madman, but an actual fact. My brain whirled, all my senses were in confusion. Here in Melbourne, in the nineteenth century, in the age of matter-of-fact, when miracles were no longer believed in, and everything partaking of the marvellous had half a dozen of the most commonplace explanations, was I standing face to face with a man who had been for months separated from his own head, and had worn that of another? At last I managed to find words to ask him how he had succeeded in discovering the robber.

"It is not worth while talking about here," said he; "let us go into the Café Royal, and I will tell you all about it."

We turned up Swanston street, from that into Burke street, and were soon seated in Messrs. Spiers and Pond's saloons, with a jug of iced-punch before us, and fanned into coolness by the delicious breeze from the Punkah. After a deep draught my companion thus began:

"Upon leaving you at Exeter I visited my ancestral domains, and after remaining in the neighborhood for a day or two, I returned to London and renewed my inquiries. As they were, however, totally without result, I took a passage in one of Green's ships for this port. On landing I took up my abode in a hotel in the suburbs, and what was my delight while taking some brandy and water at the bar on the night of my arrival, to hear some diggers lately down from the bush speaking of a singular man who was buying gold on the Devil's Creek diggings, and who, from the description, could be none other than Uricelli. It is true that they called him Johnson; but the large head and small body, the number of languages he spoke, everything pointed at once to the conclusion that at last I had got my man. The next day found me on my way to the Devil's Creek. After a couple of days hard travelling I arrived there, and refreshed myself at a small grog shanty about half a mile from the main street of the diggings, which were in full work, and contained a population of some 15,000. Having inquired and ascertained the whereabouts of Uricelli's tent, I strolled down just before dusk till I came in sight of it. It stood a little distance behind the main street, with its back to it, having nothing in front of it but the open bush; there seemed, as far as I could see, to be no dog about it; there would, therefore, be little difficulty in approaching unheeded. I concealed myself in the bush until it grew perfectly dark, and then I gradually crept up until within a score or two of yards of the tent. Suddenly the tent door was thrown back, and in the opening stood Uricelli; yes, there was my head but a few yards from me. I burned to rush forward and tear it from the shoulders of the ruffian, but by a strong effort I repressed the longing. For upwards of an hour I lay in my hiding-place. I watched him cook and eat his supper, mix his grog and smoke his pipe; nay, I even saw him nodding over the fire in a dozing state, and was in the utmost alarm lest he should fall with my head amongst the burning logs, and ruin it for ever. At last, however, he rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, went into his tent, and closed the canvas behind him. I waited patiently for a considerable time, until I imagined he would be sound asleep, and then, crawling on my hands and knees up to the tent, I gently undid the fastenings and peeped in. But who shall describe my delight. On the rude bunk lay the body of Uricelli; but my head—my precious head—stood unattached upon the table. My first thought was to remove the abomination I bore upon my shoulders. I pulled; I lugged; I twisted—all in vain. The accursed thing would not stir an inch. At last, I exclaimed at last, enraged by my fruitless efforts, 'I will regain my own head; it shall not be left in possession of this fiend.' I stole noiselessly into the tent; I approached the table; I seized my head in one hand, and gave the thing I wore one last convulsive haul with the other. Oh, rapture! it came off in my hand as readily as a lizard's tail. I pitched it into the far corner of the tent, and rushed madly from the spot, adjusting my recovered treasure as I ran. I plunged into the bush. I travelled incessantly all night."

"In the morning I came upon a shepherd. He gave me some tea and damper, and directed me to the road. The coach from the Ovens was just passing as I reached it. I jumped into it, and arrived at Melbourne a few hours ago. The mail steamer leaves this evening. My passage is taken. By the morning I shall have left all danger far behind me."

"But my head! my beautiful head! Ruined! utterly ruined! blighted and spotted! When ever will it regain the soft skin, the delicate complexion, the ambrosial locks, the silken whiskers of former days? The rascal has broken one of my double teeth, too, and the rest have never been attended to since they were in his possession."

Tears stood in his eyes; sobs choked his utterance. I comforted him to the best of my ability.

"Your voyage home will restore your complexion, and remove your pimples and blotches. You can allege a fever as the cause of your short hair and whiskers. You go to claim your fortune and your bride. The troubles you have undergone will give zest to your future joys."

He took comfort, and rose to depart.

"Farewell, my friend," said he; "when you return to England, you will ever be welcome at Everingham Manor."

He left the room, jumped into a car, and I saw him no more.

The next morning I was early at the bank, but, to my extreme consternation and distress, I found that through some mistake the expected remittances had not arrived. What was I to do? The whole of my available funds amounted to a couple of pounds, and it seemed extremely likely that I should be obliged to write to England for money; so that for the next four months, at the least, I should be entirely penniless. Musing on my melancholy situation, I was pacing moodily down the streets when I received a hearty slap on the shoulder. It was a digger who thus greeted me, whose acquaintance I had made at Ballarat, and to whom I had rendered some trifling service. He noticed my troubled looks, and, in reply to his questions, I explained the awkward position in which I found myself.

"Well, mate," said he, "I am not very flush of ready myself, but I have a few pounds, a good kit, an excellent tent, and plenty of traps and tools. There is a new rush just broken out in the Dandenong ranges. It is scarcely more than a score of miles from Melbourne. If you like to join me as a mate and go up there to try your luck, say the word."

I gladly closed with his offer, wrote and posted my letter, and that very evening, having found a dryman who was taking up some goods to the rush, and who agreed to carry our swags and trays for a trifle, we left Melbourne.

The diggings were pretty rich, and a good many of those at work on them did exceedingly well; but though we worked like galley-slaves, little or no gold fell to our lot. In fact, we only just managed, by the very hardest labor, to keep ourselves from starving. At last my mate came to me one morning, and told me that there was a new rush in Gipp's Land, some thirty miles off; that he meant to go up and look how things were likely to shape, and that I was to remain in the tent and get along as well as I could until his return, which he promised should be as early as possible. I saw him go with a heavy heart. I was but little used to labor, and though I could manage, with great pain, to do the mere pick and shovel work, I knew nothing of tubbing, cradling and panning out. I was without a farthing in the world; knew no one on the lead, and credit was hard to get. The first day was a blank; I did not obtain a speck of gold, and went supperless to bed. During the whole of the next day I strove, without success, to raise enough to get me a meal. In vain. I returned to my tent, utterly worn out with hunger and fatigue.

I was sitting gloomily before my fire, wishing Australia at the bottom of the sea, and cursing my own folly for ever coming out on such a wildgoose chase, when a delicious odor invaded my nostrils. At once my hunger increased tenfold. I rose and stepped to the door. The odor evidently came from the supper of my neighbor, whoever he might be, for though the tent had stood there ever since our arrival, I had always imagined it untenanted, as I had never seen any one enter or leave it. Now, however, it was clearly occupied, for in addition to the scent of the victuals, I could hear a sound as of some one singing in a low tone, or talking to himself. I stood for some time irresolute, debating within myself whether or not to enter, explain my unfortunate position, and ask for a mouthful of food. A dozen times at least I was on the point of re-entering my tent, and each time a fresh waft of odor held me back. At last, gulping down my pride, I strode to the tent, drew back the canvas doorway, and stepped in. Could I believe my eyes! Seated on the bunk at the head of the tent, was Uricelli! There could be no doubt of it. The head I knew well; and the lean and shrivelled frame could not be mistaken, after Clinton's description. I stood rooted to the spot with astonishment, uncertain whether to advance or fly. But Uricelli nodded to me in a friendly manner, and in a cracked, harsh voice, exclaimed:

"Enter, my dear neighbor, enter. You have come to supper, I suppose. I thought you would. Your larder I know is not well replenished."

With this the little man uttered a horrible grating laugh, which set my teeth on edge, like the sharpening of a score of saws. Seeing, however, that I was somewhat indignant at being accosted in such a manner, he hastened to remove the bad impression he had made, by saying, in the most polite manner:

"My dear sir, in Australia we all play at tops and bottoms. One day one is up and another is down. I had heard that you had not been very fortunate in your ventures, and if you will do me the honor of joining me in my simple supper, I shall feel highly flattered."

Loth as I was to eat with one whom in my secret soul I held to be Satan, my hunger overcame my scruples. I took the proffered seat and was soon deep in the discussion of the best Irish stew I had ever tasted. Again and again I returned to the charge, Uricelli smilingly encouraging me the while. At last I could do no more in the eating line, and looked round for something to drink.

"You see," said Uricelli, apologetically, "I never drink tea myself; it does not suit me; but I have a jar of punch here, which I brewed from a receipt of my own, and which I flatter myself is not to be surpassed."

He drew out the jar from beneath his bunk as he spoke, and filled me out a pannikin.

"Drink," said he, "and forget your woes."

I raised the pannikin, and drained it to the dregs. Nectar! Nectar, did I say? The gods never drank such. Like lightning the delicious liquor seemed to course through my frame. Weariness forsook my limbs at once. I felt light and joyous. I danced, laughed, shouted aloud, committed a thousand extravagances. Again and again I drank, and wilder and more uproarious became my mirth. Uricelli seemed to rejoice at my ecstasies. He drank; he sang; I followed his example; I was in a frenzy of joy; all my fears had vanished; I clasped my host's hand; I slapped him familiarly on the back; I called him a jolly good fellow, and regretted loudly my inability to repay his excellent cheer.

"My dear fellow," said he, "never talk of repayment; I am only too happy in your happiness. But if you are anxious to make me a return, which is within your power, do me the pleasure of playing me a game or two at cards. It is an amusement I am very fond of, though I seldom get a chance of indulging in it in this barbarous country."

As he spoke he produced a pack of cards from beneath his pillow. I was an excellent card player, and liked the game exceedingly. No proposal could have been more to my taste.

"With pleasure, with pleasure," I cried. "I regret only that, having no money, our stakes will have to be love."

"No need of that," said Uricelli; "no need of that, dear sir. See, this bag contains twenty pounds of gold; I will stake its contents and my head against yours."

In an instant I was sober; the perspiration rolled in huge drops from my forehead.

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "would you rob me as you robbed poor Clinton?"

"Not so hot, my friend; not so hot. Clinton was a conceited coxcomb, who deserved the lesson I gave him; but you, my dear sir, are a sensible man of business; and this is, after all, a mere business transaction. I want your head for a week:—say till your remittances arrive from England. If you lose, I will lend you mine, which will serve your purpose for the present well enough. I will also advance you as much money as you may require. By-and-bye you bring me back my head, repay me what I have lent you, with the current interest, and you regain your property: can any thing be more simple and straightforward? Besides, we have all this time been proceeding upon the supposition that you must lose; but, after all, you are quite as likely to win as I, and then you will not only get the twenty pounds of gold, but I shall be obliged to ransom my precious pate at any price you choose to put on it, unless, indeed, you prefer keeping such a valueless article."

While he was speaking he had again filled my pannikin. Mechanically I raised it to my lips and emptied it. With that draught all my scruples vanished. I seized the cards:

"Come on," I cried, "be you devil or man, no one shall say that I have beaten the best players of the Jockey Club refused a challenge."

We cut, and Uricelli won the deal. I had a capital hand and scored two. The next deal I made one, and the next. Everything seemed in my favor. Already I felt the gold in my pockets. I could scarce conceal my exultation. I dealt. Uricelli proposed. I refused. With the grin of a fiend he marked the king, and proceeded to win all the tricks. Four—all. My heart seemed to cease from beating; my blood froze in my veins; my eyes were glued upon Uricelli as he took the cards. Slowly and carefully he dealt, paused for a moment, then turned the king. With a yell of terror I sprang from my seat and made a rush at the door. Quick as I had been, he was before me.

"What, what!" he cried, "a gentleman and not pay his debts of honor, that will never do. I see I must help myself to the stakes!"

He raised his hand to catch me by the hair, but with all the strength of desperation I grasped him by the throat. He seized me in return. Backwards and forwards we staggered through the tent, upsetting seats, table, bed, crockery-ware. At last, by a superhuman effort, I managed to hurl him on his back and get my knee upon his chest. The candle had been extinguished in the struggle. By the light of the burning logs, however, I could see his eyes starting from their sockets—his face more ghastly white than ever. My nails met in his flesh—the blood gushed from his nose and ears—the death-rattle was in his throat, victory, another moment and—

"Help, guard, help!—murder! murder!"

Where was I? What was I about? On the floor of a first-class carriage, grasping with both hands the throat of my terrified travelling companion. I started to my feet, overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

"My dear sir," I cried, "I beg ten thousand pardons."

"Hang your apologies," roared my companion, in a frenzy of rage. "What do you mean by attempting to assassinate me?"

"My dear sir, I am so utterly dumfounded, I do not know what to say. How did it all come about?"

"Come about! why you fell asleep at Slough, and snored so soundly ever since, that I could not close my eyes. At last, as no noise I made would waken you, I ventured to touch your shoulder. At once you sprang up like a madman, flung me upon the floor, and

attempted to strangle me, and I want to know what the devil you mean by such conduct?"

"My dear sir, allow me to assure you that it was all caused by a dream."

My companion made a gesture of impatience, but sat in silence till we were approaching the next station, and then, as he rose to depart, remarked,

"Let me give you one piece of advice; if you wish to escape the gallows, never fall asleep again in a railway-carriage till you have learned to dream with less violence."

COLUMBUS AND ITS VICINITY.

In our last paper we published our Special Artist's account of a reconnaissance in force, made by Gen. Grant, from Fort Jefferson towards Columbus, which place they approached within five miles without meeting any signs of the enemy. As Columbus will doubtless soon be the scene of very important events, we present our readers on page 221 with the most accurate and comprehensive map of that city, and the defences which the Confederates flatter themselves are impregnable. The reader will perceive that nature has made the position very strong, and it must be confessed that the fortifications do credit to the engineering skill of the rebel Generals. We have so frequently described and illustrated by maps the country around this famous stronghold that it will only be necessary to refresh the reader's memory by a few brief particulars. Columbus is just 20 miles by railroad from Cairo, and is nearly opposite Belmont, the scene of the sanguinary battle of the 7th November, illustrated in our paper for December 14. When we add that our present map is on the scale of an inch to the mile, the reader can estimate for himself the operations which, in all human probability, will soon take place in its vicinity. The exact number of Confederate troops stationed here is only known to themselves, but from what we have heard they are between 27,000 and 35,000. Gen. Pillow commanded here in person for some time, but was superseded by Gen. Polk, with whom the former did not agree. It has been reported that so important does Jefferson Davis consider this command, that he has dispatched the most popular of his Generals, Beauregard, to assume the chief command, while he himself assumes the latter's position at Manassas.

The chief fortifications at Columbus are on the bluffs, about a mile from the town, and which are highest on the Mississippi banks, but form an almost circular shape of nearly three miles in circumference, the elevation becoming gradually less as it recedes from the river. To the south of these fortifications there is a winding road which leads to the top. On the south side of this road is another short range of hills, which necessarily renders the conflict renewable, should the northern camp be stormed. It is presumed, as the rebels have no gunboats, or mortar boats capable of opposing our immense fleet under command of Com. Foote, that the western side of the fortifications would be first attacked, and the enemy driven out without the desperate expedient of storming these heights from the eastern side. It is evident from our Artist's letter published last week, that the rebels are content to remain within a radius of less than five miles, which will enable Gen. Grant and McClelland to surround them by land, while our splendid gun and mortar boats will attack them from the Mississippi side. Columbus is on the direct line of the Ohio and Mobile Railroad, on which line Fort Jefferson is also situated, being about 12 miles north from Columbus, and nearly opposite to Bird's Point, also in our possession.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Down the Potomac, it is said, that the pickets sometimes put off in their boats, meet and confer with each other; but this we hardly believe. Up the river, where the men are within hail, there are frequent interchanges of rough sentiment, and the hardest kinds of jokes. On one occasion, a Federal picket inquired of a Seceesh if they ever played "bluff" over there, when the rebel snarlingly replied, "Yes, I have bluff, sometimes." Fed. was "Union down" during the remainder of the interview.

A "SECEESH" LOVE LETTER.—Among the numerous amusing letters found in the rebel camps at Port Royal was the following epistle from a South Carolina "lady" to her lover in Fort Walker, which, considering that this is not leap year, would be regarded hereabouts as "steep."

"SOUTH CAROLINA, LANCASTER DISTRICT,"

September 16, 1861.

"Dear sir It is with pleasure I embrace the present time to address on matter of importance or at least that I feel deeply interested in I have a long time thought on this but never before ventured to display my talent being so ignorant in such a case but being so overcome with the position of love I cannot rest easy until I could make my love known to you in some way and this being my only plan as you would not ask me about it so I could tell you I pitched in O Franklin O Franklin I love you well I love better than tongue can tell and when I am asleep I am dreaming about you when I am awake I take no rest O pray young man if you are bashful try to be a little bold young men are more preferable to fair ladies than silver or gold take courage whilst young you fair better before you get so old round is the ring that has no end so is my love to you Dear friend the rose is red the violet is blue my love to you is forever true while you are so pretty and I am so fair I don't see why you stand back so far in the rear Dear sir relieve my distressed mind by a speedy answer if possible by the next mail this is from me poor thing broken hearted just like you might expect"

"Write soon my dove and dearest love my pen is bad (if I may so call you) my ink is pale but my love to you will never fail To Mr. Franklin Clyburn

"N. A. H."

THE BELGIAN MUSKETS.—A good story is told of one of our Illinois colonels who was heard praising the arm. Says he, "in platoon firing with the Belgian musket I can tell what I cannot with any other arm, and that is, how many pieces have been fired." "How can you tell that?" "Oh, I count the men on the ground; it never deceives me. It is fire and fall back flat." One of these Belgian muskets will kick like a mule, and burst with the greatest facility. Several soldiers in our Illinois regiments have been killed in this way. The bayonet, too, is a novelty—a sort of iron affair, apparently designed to coil around the enemy as it is introduced, thus taking him prisoner.

A PRIVATE letter from Paris, of Jan. 10th, mentions, as an instance of the depressing effect upon the standing of Americans there produced by the Trent affair, that, at the grand concert ball which occurred a few days before, Mr. Dayton and his daughter and secretary stood alone—the only Americans present. Mr. Dayton had sent in to M. Thouvenel the names of 25 persons whom he desired to present at the ball. The minister wrote back inquiring what were the titles of the persons whom Mr. Dayton desired to present. Mr. Dayton replied that titles were not in use with us, and that he had yet to learn that Americans were to be excluded on that account. The result was that on the evening of the ball, at seven o'clock, only five tickets were sent to Mr. Dayton, and those were addressed only to persons who had held some official station, to wit: the Ex-United States Minister at Stockholm and his wife, and one or two colonels and ex-colonels. All these, though dressed for the ball, declined to go.

The eruption at Vesuvius, at last accounts, was exhibiting renewed activity. So great were the showers of ashes that cinders and soot were carried even to Sicily, and the steamers plying thither were blackened by the shower. Even at Naples the roofs of the houses were covered with a fine layer of ashes, and during a rainstorm the window panes were obscured by the mud formed by the falling rain and soot. On the 2d of December eight shocks of earthquake were counted in twelve hours. What if Naples should be fated to become another Pompeii?

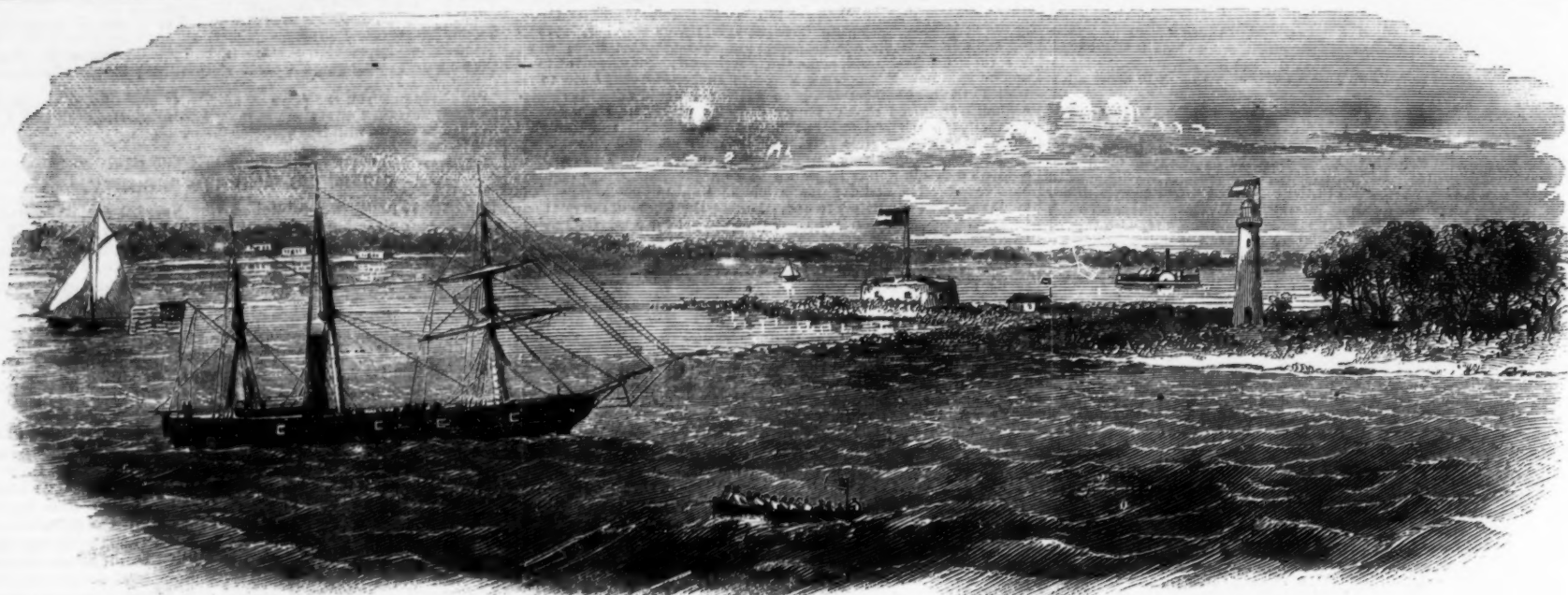
THE indemnity just paid by Spain to France, and owing since 1823, was to pay for the campaigns of the Duke d'Angoulême, who under pretence of restoring order, was sent with

— Eighty thousand Solons,

Scourge with muskets and leaded coats,

To train instruction, solons solons,

Down a sea struggling Spaniards' throats."

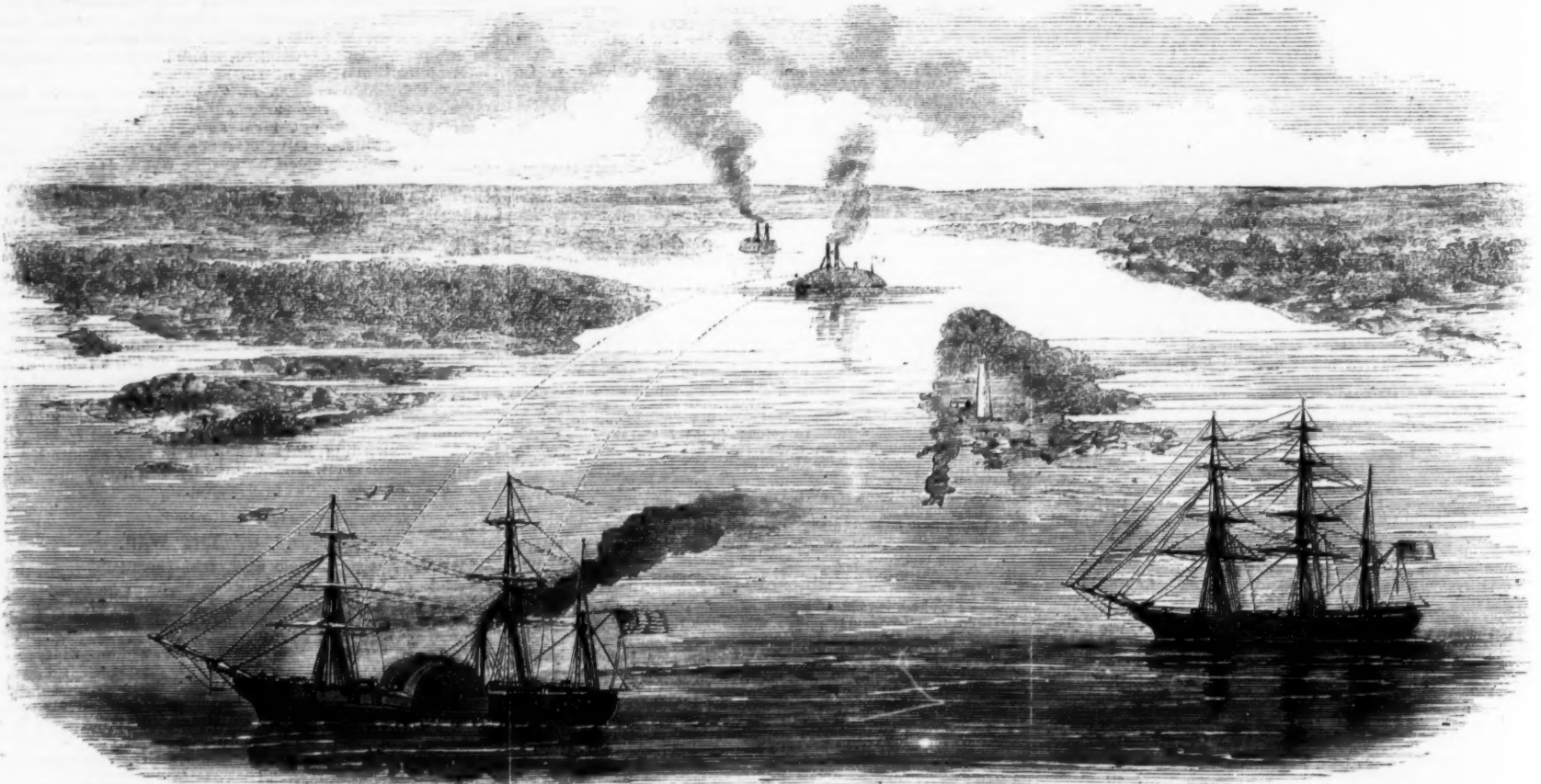


U. S. Gunboat Mohawk.

Fort William.

Rebel Steamer Spray.

THE U. S. GUNBOAT MOHAWK CHASING THE REBEL STEAMER SPRAY INTO THE ST. MARK'S RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE MOHAWK.—SEE PAGE 218.

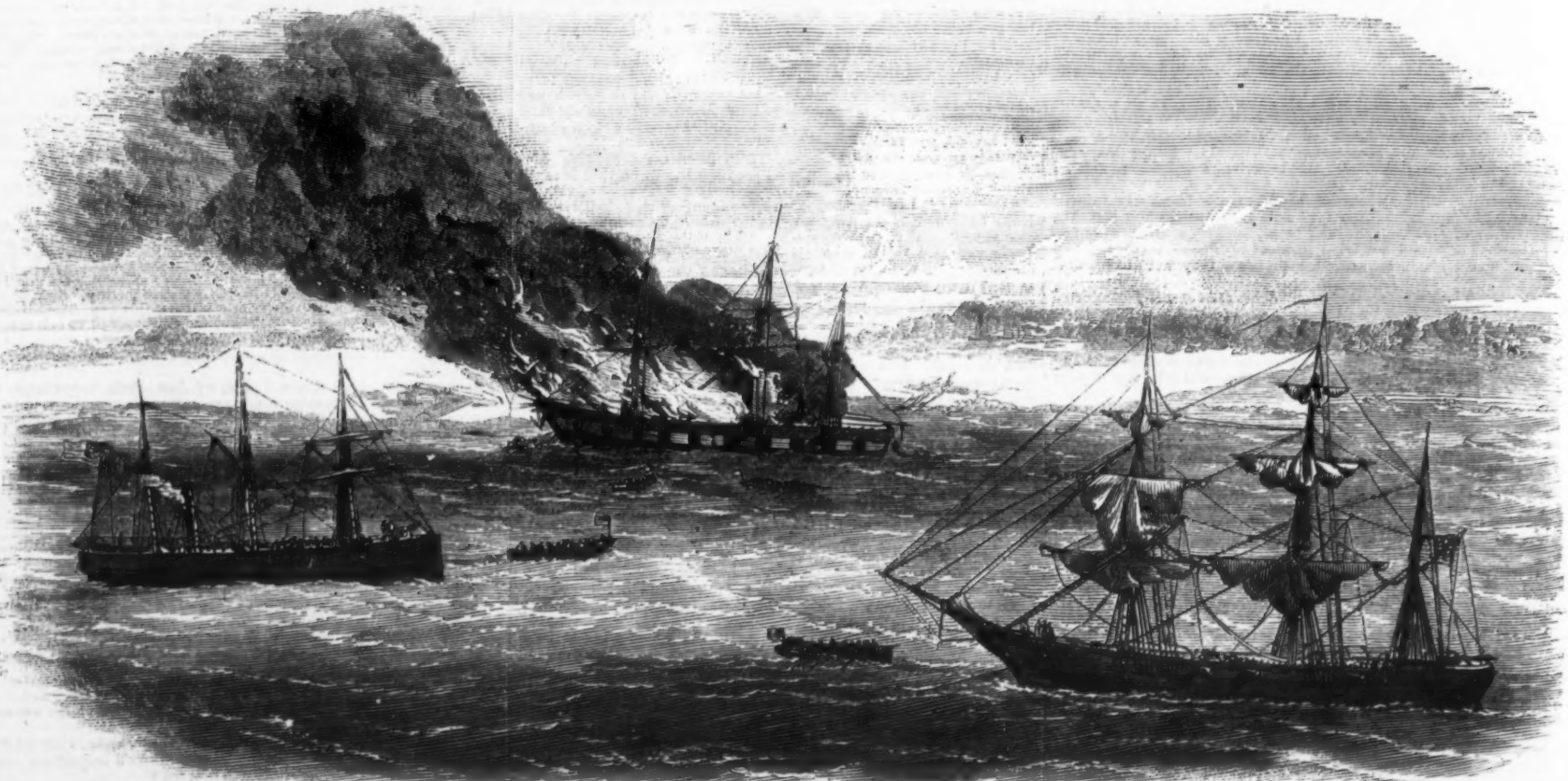


U. S. Steamer Mississippi.

Ram.

Kingfisher.

NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN THE U. S. WAR STEAMER MISSISSIPPI AND THE REBEL IRON-CLAD FLOATING BATTERY, RAM, AND OTHER REBEL STEAMERS, OFF THE MOUTH OF THE PASSE A L'OUTRE, NEW ORLEANS, JANUARY 1ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE MISSISSIPPI.—SEE PAGE 218.

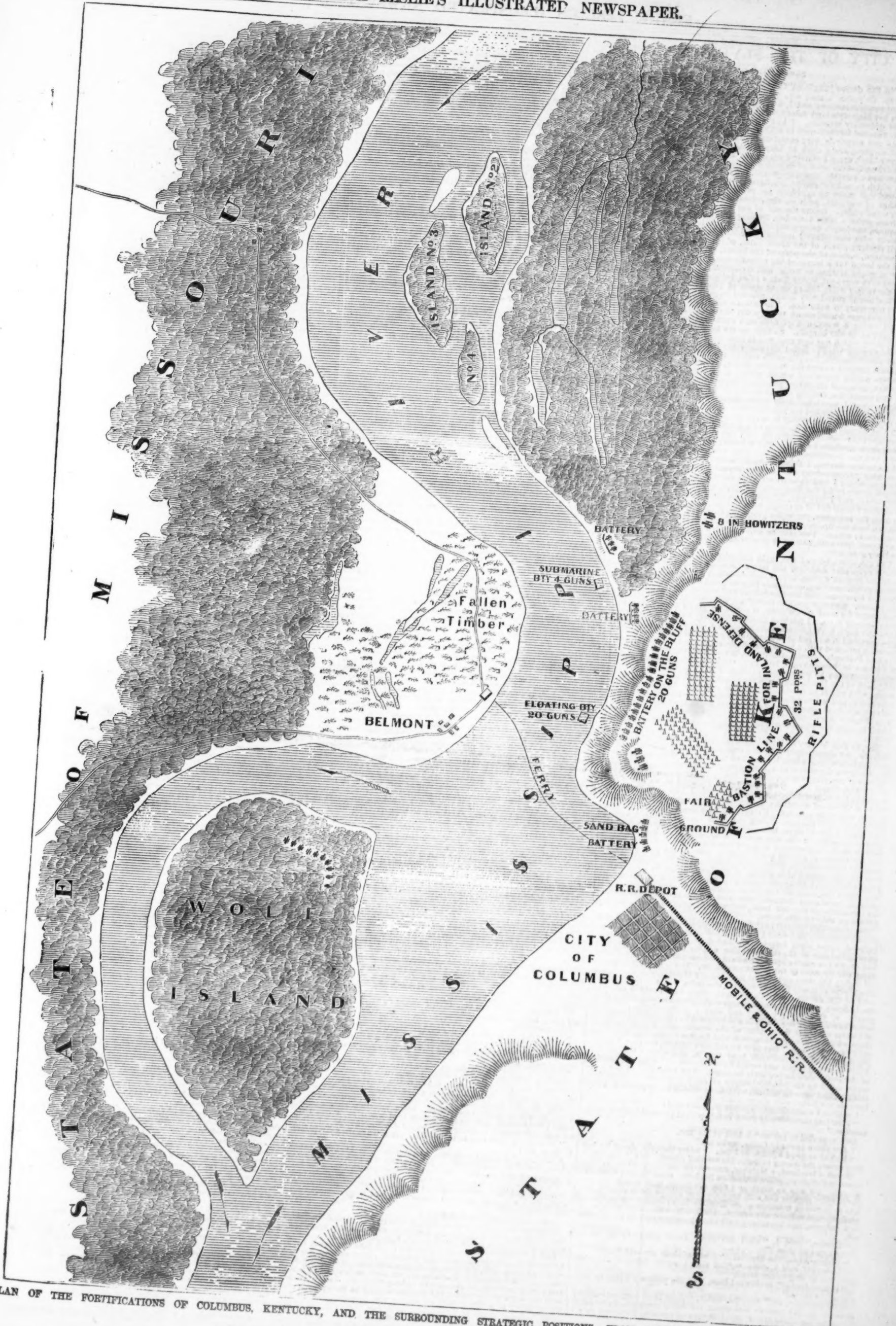


Albatross.

York of Dublin.

U. S. Barque Gembok.

A DETACHMENT OF U. S. SAILORS FROM THE GUNBOATS ALBATROSS AND GEMBOK, BURNING THE CONTRABAND VESSEL YORK, MOUTH OF BOGIE INLET, NEAR BEAUFORT, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE ALBATROSS.—SEE PAGE 218.



PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY, AND THE SURROUNDING STRATEGIC POSITIONS, FROM ACTUAL INSPECTION.—SEE PAGE 219.

THE CITY OF THE FLYING FOX.

PART I.

FAR up in the dense jungle of Ceylon, some five-and-twenty miles from Colombo, a road was required to connect two main arteries of communication; and I, a happy, healthy and needy lieutenant in her Majesty's land forces, was sent to cut the tracing and make the necessary estimate. I had a gang of Malabar pioneers who were enrolled for road-work in military fashion, with sub-officers, sergeants and corporals, very complete. There was also a native assistant-surgeon, and a clerk to keep the accounts. At the head of my little black army I marched across the district, and finding—without difficulty—the spot of intended operations, halted, and selected at once a suitable camping-ground. We were allowed seven days in which to make ourselves comfortable—not too much to clear the ground and throw up mud-huts for two hundred souls—but an abundance of material, such as clay, wood and water, facilitated matters wonderfully. Before the end of the week smoke was seen rising from quite a little township, forming three sides of a large open square, the fourth being occupied by my bungalow, which had been built with considerable ingenuity opposite on a rising knoll. The tall straight stems of the areca palm, which abounded in the neighborhood, furnished the posts of the house, between which was spread the broad thick leaves of the talipot palm, much resembling yellow morocco leather in color and consistency. The roof was thatched with cocoanut leaves from a third palm tree, and windows cut in the talipot walls, lifting up or down at pleasure, large slices of the leaf bound round with sticks, afforded ingress to the breezes, here so necessary to existence. There was a mud kitchen outside, and a fowl-house fenced round to keep out the snakes. It was all finished within a week, and gardens with cucumber and pumpkin seeds planted in the bargain. So then we set to work to clear the jungle, along which our new road was to run.

So long as the novelty lasted all was well; but I confess, at the end of three months, I was heartily sick of the place. Not a soul could talk English except the Malabar doctor, and the clerk a little; there was not an European within miles; snakes, rats, centipedes, scorpions, ants, and all sorts of parasitical insects flourished in numbers and quantities, defying all calculation or belief on the part of readers; alas! I nourished daily many acres of the brutes, while the grub which nourished me was execrable and monotonous to the last degree. I ate lean poultry in every shape and form of cooking, until I absolutely loathed the sight of a feather; meat and bread I never saw; my servant kneaded up daily rice flour and water into a composition to which I dare not give a name; there were the native fruits, and the everlasting, yet good, curry and rice, without which and its various flavors, I think I should have starved; as to game, there were pigeons—very fine but very shy—with turtle-doves and monkeys, which I had no heart either to shoot or eat. Woe is me! I began to weary of the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the society of my fellow-men, and I will add, fellow-woman as well. I made up my mind that I must fall ill or resign, when one morning a letter turned up from the regiment, the writer proposing to come up with another sub and look me up, provided I could manage to shake them down somehow or other. You may be sure what my answer was. I was a new man forthwith, and set to work with a will in the preparations for their reception.

The commissariat was the main difficulty and the beds, but the native carpenter managed the latter tolerably well, with a sort of platform in each corner, upon which we laid fresh bundles of dried lemon grass, smelling deliciously fragrant, and when covered with a sheet, I feared nothing but mosquitoes and reptiles for the repose of my guests. But the grub bothered me entirely; if even I sent a messenger for meat to Colombo, it would be putrid long before he could convey it up. I felt that poultry could not be served up more than two days, both for breakfast, lunch and dinner, so I formed a great resolution and fell back upon tins of preserved meats. A coolie speedily returned with a horse load of salmon, haricot mutton, Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, Bass's ale, brandy and cheroots. David, my appoo or head-servant, laid in a stock of rice, plantains and sweet potatoes; he was almost as excited as I was, as he was mortally sick of the jungle and knew the officers would bring their servants, with whom he would have his chat and fun. In four days all was ready, so I wrote a dispatch to Dan—his name was Richard, but being a cousin or connection of the Great Liberator, we always called him Dan—O'Morris and Will Jephson his chums, to say that if they liked to take the chance of roughing it, the sooner they came the better.

Now as this history is intended to be neither philanthropic nor didactic, but simply descriptive of a remarkable colony of this world's strange inhabitants which I once had the luck to visit, we will not digress upon the arrival of my friends, their shouting as they galloped up the jungle path, and all their wonder at the location in which they found me. I will say scarcely a word as to how they stared at the talipot walls, laughed at the beds I had contrived, and asked a thousand questions. I confess rather anxiously, about the snakes and other vermin. Everything from the civilized world was news to me, and changes during the short space of three months, and which I should never have noted separately, staggered me when poured upon me in the aggregate. I must pass by all this, even though on the first evening's chat I could write a volume, so joyous was my tongue at finding itself again at liberty; nor will I even be tempted to describe their delight in plunging into the foaming river beneath the shadow of a clump of bamboos, which in form like a giant wheat-sheaf, hung pendulous over the rocky torrent. Nor how we roamed the wood for the green pigeons, and shot enough for a curry by great good fortune; and tried to pot the monkeys on the top branches of the tall trees, but without much success, for the guns were only smooth bores.

David excelled himself in the culinary department, at which I felt greatly relieved; and what I owe to Huntley and Palmer—their biscuits—I never shall forget. We had done ample justice to their joint bill of fare on the third evening of this memorable week, and had drawn out chairs upon the sward outside the little bungalow to enjoy our cheroots in the bright moonlight. It was a delicious tropical night; the trees and shrubs were thickly studded with the sparkling jewels of insect life, the cool air was laden with the hyacinthine odor of the datura or devil's trumpet, which here covered many of the hedges; and the distant murmur of the river was soothingly suggestive of the time for quiet and drowsy contemplation. It was never heard in the day; then it was drowned in the sound of millions of insects which, in the depths of the forest, seemed ever building ships which were never launched, and houses which none but fairy eyes have ever seen. But new all this was hushed, the very "knife-grinders" had stopped their busy wheels, and ceased the jarring which Canning might and would have damned, as he did the politics of the trade they so perfectly imitated. The influence of the moment, aided by the plentiful supply of curry and madeira, made itself felt, and we watched the wreaths of smoke as they curled away towards the forest with silent satisfaction.

I believe I was half asleep, when Jephson said:

"How late the crows fly home in this part of the world—there goes another."

Dan appealed to me with a kick of his foot.

"Are those crows? Come, wake up."

"You're as good a judge as I am. I never thought about it; but here comes the doctor to make his evening report. We'll ask him."

Doctor Cleveland, a Malabar, dressed in his usual white flowing robes and slippers, and a turban on his head, came up and made his salutation. He was as black as a ripe mulberry, with European features, quite regular and soft, kept his head always clean shaved, and was as gentle in manners as an English lady; spoke our language perfectly and without any accent. He had been educated at Calcutta as a surgeon, and knew very well what he was about in the healing art.

"Doctor," said I, "what are those black things flying across every now and then?"

"Flying-foxes," he replied. "Some of them are very large."

"Indeed!" said I, quite startled that I never heard of them before, and feeling rather small.

"Flying-foxes!" exclaimed Dan, "by the powers I'd like to have a crack at them."

"So you may, sir," said the doctor, "there is an immense colony of them, so the natives say, about six miles away. I know some men who live close by. If you like we can send for them and go to-morrow."

I could have hugged the doctor; here was sport and amusement of which I had never thought. It was arranged in five minutes that we should make an expedition to the city of the Flying-Fox, and the doctor made his farewell salutation. He must have been quite flattered

by the hearty manner in which my guests returned his salutation and bid him good-night.

"Sensible fellow that," said Jephson, when he was out of hearing. "Very intelligent, I should say," said Dan. "I wonder he wears those slops about his legs and heels; the turban's well enough."

"Why, you see he's a high caste man, and dare not compromise himself; but you'd think nothing of that if you knew some of their other customs and superstitions—there's one we might sensibly adopt among ourselves, at least a good many Englishmen would think so, I suspect."

"What is it—washing?"

"Oh, no, nothing of that; it's a cat's regulation—he's never allowed to see his mother-in-law. Will you believe it, he's lived in that mud hut, or another just like it, which only contains three rooms and a kitchen, none of 'em much bigger than a closet, for nearly four years with his wife and her mother, and never yet seen the latter lady in his life! What do you think of that?"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Jephson, while Dan gave his opinion that it was too good to be true.

"It is true for all that," said I. "I don't doubt his word, for he can have no object in gammoning me. But I'm going too fast, for one day he did see her ankles, as she was scuttling away behind the curtain when he came in rather suddenly."

"And upon my word," said Dan, waving his cheroot aloft, "the most sensible thing I've heard for these many days past; and it's a custom we ought to introduce among Englishmen. I've often thought that if it wasn't for the old woman I'd take a wife myself."

Dan, like myself, had about sixpence a day to amuse himself with, when his dinner, servant and washing were paid; and out of that he contrived to spend not one, but four or five half-crowns. A great catch he would have been for any wailing Belgravian matron with a quiet daughter or two.

"Confound all mothers-in-law," said he, as he threw himself on the lemon grass couch, "and for the matter of that, fathers-in-law as well; but especially the first, by a thousand to one," with which heavy reflection on those relationships in social life, he smoked himself to sleep.

Before lying down, I summoned David the faithful to counsel, and ordered him, upon pain of horrible penalties, to have coffee ready before sunrise, and to fill the chetties over night with water for bathing. Then I set to work to clean the guns and make other preparations, so as to leave nothing whatever for the morning. No fear of weather in this climate when projecting any little expedition, no sudden clouding over the sky, and scattering of all your pleasant plans to the winds on this account. For six months at a time the wind lies in one direction; and then, like a good lawyer, it turns round and lies in exactly the opposite direction. The rains come at fixed times, nay, one might almost say fixed hours; and if Murphy published his almanac in these latitudes, he might, actually, to his own astonishment, wake up, morning after morning, and find himself a true prophet!

PART II.

THERE is, out of the twenty-four, but one short hour during which, in the central tropics, the incessant buzz of animal life appears to rest and pause. In that brief sixty minutes or so, before the first streak in the east heralds the rapid rise of the King of Day, all nature, even in the densest forest, appears hushed and still. Often have I awake, and, listening in the pitchy darkness for the accustomed sounds, which would indicate roughly the time of night, soon discovered, by the silence, the quick approach of daylight. The roving night-hunters had slunk back to their lairs, the jackal had buried himself again in his den, and the tattles of the natives, who rise before the sun, still hermetically closed the doors of their windowless, leaf-thatched huts. The work of life was suspended, but the material labor of nature, which never ceases, was heard in the nearer murmur of the river, ever rushing on and on, and frittering away its rocks and banks for some new deposit hereafter to be uplifted from the bed of ocean. Hark! from the boughs of some bamboo, dropping over its rapid current, comes the sharp "Hoo" of a monkey; he has untucked his head from between his legs, and, looking out into the darkness, recognised, by senses keener than mine, the approach of light; his call is answered and rapidly taken up by his mates, and I know, as well as if I had the best chronometer hanging by me, that in a quarter of an hour it will be "broad daylight." Little by little I lose the pleasant, soothing companionship of the rippling water, itself lost and mingled alternately in the busy sounds which the wary sentinel has evoked from the throats of the vast multitudes of the busy creatures by whom we are surrounded. I fancy, suddenly, that it is lighter, then I am sure it is. Up, to spring and plunge into a bath is the work of an instant, and before I have finished throwing three chetties of water over my head the east has broken into broad flames of fire. Ten minutes more, and when David, the laggard, brings in the coffee, the sun is over the horizon; the fairy laborers have continued the building of the mysterious ark; the little copper-colored children are running about the road, and the doves are cooing lovingly from the nearest thickets. The work of the day is fairly begun, and we must not be sluggards, thinks I to myself, as David patiently stands with his steaming tray before the couch of my friends. He turns appealingly to me, and I see the doctor, gun in hand, at the end of the road. There was no time for buffoonery.

"Coffee!" I roared in a voice of thunder. "Wake up!"

Lazily and heavily they rolled off the stretchers, waking with that peculiar, unrefreshed, parched feeling belonging to tropical rest; and in a few minutes, during which I went out to meet the doctor, they joined us, gun in hand, at the wicket gate.

"The sooner, sir, we start the better," said the doctor, "before it gets too hot, as it is a long walk across the paddy-fields: I have brought some of the men to carry the guns and breakfast."

The breakfast was simply hard-boiled eggs and biscuits; we depended upon finding coffee in any cottage, and Bass's ale I positively interdicted, as I knew how impossible and even dangerous it was to walk in the blazing sun after that fascinating beverage.

Off we started in the delicious cool morning, sheltered from the horizontal sun by the tall stems of the palms and coco-nuts, through which his red face glinted like an open furnace door. Following the noble road to Colombo, just opened, and as smooth and level as the most zealous Maendamine would have desired, we struck at the end of a mile off to the left into the jungle, each making the best path he could for himself through the low underwood, briars and grass. We were all threading through the latter knee-high, when Dan turned round and said,

"I say, old boy, I'll tell you what, I wouldn't have believed myself doing this a month ago."

"Why not?"

"Why not? on account of the snakes, that's why."

"There's plenty of snakes, though we don't see them: make as much noise as you can in stepping through the underwood, and they scuttle away ahead."

"Snakes!" said Will Jephson; "nonsense; who cares for them?"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than Master Will made a jump on one side, quick as thought itself; and then, pale as ashes, stood gazing at a clump of lemon grass, behind which the short, stumpy tail of a snake was disappearing into the brushwood. It was a ticolopanga, the most deadly brute probably known in the world; he huskily said he had almost trod on it as it was lying asleep; and, indeed, had slightly touched it with his foot.

"How long," said Dan to the doctor, "after biting does the poison begin to act?"

"Well, sir," replied the doctor, "he couldn't bite, I think, through a boot, but if he had struck at the leg, and got into the skin, the gentleman would possibly have been dead in ninety-two seconds!"

We all paused for a minute to think on the fact. Will Jephson pulled off his broad-brimmed pith hat, and wiped his forehead where the beads were standing out as thick and large as young currants on a bunch.

"It's very warm," he said faintly.

It was getting warm, certainly; but ninety-two seconds between this world and the next was even warmer work for the brain than ninety-two degrees in the shade for the body.

In a few minutes we emerge from the wood into the paddy fields, where the young rice is sprouting tenderly above the hot reeking mud; and changing the scorching morass into lakes of waving green, through which little raised dykes, six or eight inches wide on top, run chequer-wise in all directions. Along these we walked in Indian file three weary miles, the sun increasing in power each moment: there is nothing half so bad as the morning sun in my opinion, not a breath of air stirring, while the awkwardness of the causeway increased the pain of the march in a very large degree.

Many times I inwardly groaned, and asked myself whether it was worth while to endure such sickening heat for the sake of any sight; and then what a relief it was to jump off that miserable ledge, and

throw myself on the grass beneath the trees in a little oasis or island common in the midst of these immense rice lakes. Here the villagers who lived on this island came to meet us, and we heard that on the other side we should see the city of which we were in search, and should reach it by crossing another rice-field, about a mile in breadth. The palm grove in which we lay was full of paroquets, which screamed and sailed over our heads in all directions; we should have fired at them, but the doctor strongly advised forbearance if we wished to see the foxes in their usual state of repose. Starting up, we crossed the island, and, as we emerged from the grove at the opposite end, sure enough across the green plain we beheld a strange and unexpected sight, which the doctor pointed at in great triumph. About a mile distant there was another island in the midst of this vegetable sea, looking like a great black coal set in aqua marine. That was all I could make of it at first, and it was only in drawing nearer to it in crossing the narrow viaduct that I could separate the resemblance from the reality. Then, indeed, I beheld the most astonishing thing I ever yet saw; although I have travelled in many countries, far and wide, yet this was so unique in its way as to eclipse all others completely. The island, which was about a mile in diameter, was covered with tall trees utterly bare of leaves, indeed there was not a vestige of a leaf to be seen; and from every bough, approaching in the least to horizontality, there hung clusters of that gigantic bat which bears the name of the flying-fox. Suspended with their heads down, and their bodies entirely covered, except the tips of their noses, with their huge leathery wings, they looked for all the world like so many black Norfolk turkeys suspended from a huge poultryer's shop about Christmas time in Lead-hall market. They hung there perfectly motionless, evidently asleep, for they are nocturnal by habit, roving about sunset for many miles all round, and making sad havoc with the fruit trees and orchards of the natives; a terrible curse to the country; the wonder being that no means are taken to extirpate the bats, a matter of no difficulty with plenty of powder, shot and pea-rifles or air-guns, considering their gregarious nature, and the conspicuous objects they are to fire at. As it was, when nearly within range our fingers itched for the trigger, but the doctor put up his hand gently, and whispered,

"Not yet; let us go into the place and look well at them first."

Into the city we crept, quite softly, not to disturb the inhabitants. The very brushwood was bare of leaves, the ground was ever an inch covered with guano, and their skeletons and skulls lay thickly in all directions. We advanced into the heart of the place, and selecting the most flourishing poultryer's establishment for our aim, waited the doctor's signal.

"Fire together!" said he, hoarsely. "One, two, three—fire!"

Bang went our eight barrels, and down tumbled near a dozen foxes. And now we saw why the doctor wished us to fire together. In an instant, with terrific screams, thousands upon thousands of these animals spread their wings and rushed frantically to and fro over and among the bare branches of the trees. The sky was shut out, practically, from our gaze by their vast numbers and immense spread of wing. It was more like what the sudden opening of Mrs. Gamp's umbrella might be over Queen Mab than anything mortal to which I can liken it; and almost quite as wonderful was the fact, that although we knew they were almost blind by daylight, yet they never touched each other in all their crossing and wheeling. The natives picked up the dead, and certainly the head was that of a fox to all intents and appearance, while some of them stretched over five feet between the wings. The females had their young under their armpits, clinging by their little hooks, and most strange it was to watch this arrangement of nature as they wheeled just over our heads. While we examined them the umbrella was gradually collapsing; they were recovering their alarm, and settling again on the branches to sleep, hooking on most skillfully at the end of the wing joint, and then reversing into their own law of gravity, tail up—head down, at once. In a very few minutes all was silent and quiet. We opened the living umbrella once more, and then bent a retreat out of the city, where, to say the truth, the atmosphere, filled with a foetid odor of the strong-smelling animal, impregnated with the impalpable guano dust, began to be quite insupportable. Crossing the rice-field to the village close at hand, under a tamarind, breakfast awaited us. We thanked the doctor for this attention, surmising that he was the Meliboeus "quis nobis hec otia fecit."

The walk back was as nothing to the fatigue of coming, for the brisk sea-breeze blew in our faces, and that, I consider, makes at any time a difference of ten degrees. We shot at paddy-birds, snipe, and in the wood at jungle-fowl, though these latter beautiful but wary game were far too wide-awake for us to make much of a bag. Then we talked of the strange sight we had seen up to the very door of the bungalow, and no sooner had we bathed and swallowed a glass of Bass (what nectar it was!) than we lay, all but as to position, like our victims of the morning, sound as tops.

But the event of the day, which I fancy stereotyped it in the memory of my friends, was yet to come. Just as the fireflies lighted their emerald lamps, in came David to prepare for dinner, and at the same moment we saw some three or four men with trays on their heads, who saluted on entering, and said,

"Doctor sent master one curry."

Bravo! thought I, the medico is a trump; he never did things by halves, for there was not only the curry, but a plentiful supply of rice, white as snow, and distinct in grain as if it never had been boiled, with numberless little saucers, containing lime, sambac, pickle, mango, peppers, and half a dozen other condiments to vary the flavor of our *piece de resistance*. This we at once attacked, and I was, to tell the truth, disappointed, for the meat, cut into small squares, was dark, hard and strongly flavored.

"What is it?" said Dan, as he mixed up the varicous pickles.

"I can hardly say; he very often sends me curries; probably game; perhaps a hare."

"An old bull, I should say," put in Jephson, "or a jackal."

"Perhaps a bit of elephant, or it may be venison; they are bot sometimes to be procured, I'm told."

"Hum!" said Dan, "fancy I know the flavor, too; rather ferretty; here, boy, take it away, and give me a long drink of beer."

Just as we finished our dinner—to which, however, we had done full justice—the doctor's white robe crossed the threshold. We gave him a hearty welcome, and handed him the tin of biscuits, of which he was excessively fond, and which, indeed, was the only thing he could touch, as he fancied there was nothing but flour and water in them, wherein he was much mistaken.

"Help yourself, doctor, and thanks for your kind thought of the curry. What was it made of?"

"Ah!" said Dan. "What was it? Buffalo?"

"Oh, no!" replied the doctor, "I thought you would recognise the flavor; it was one of the big bats."

Poor dog Tray! thought I; one of the thoughts which jerk suddenly across the brain.

There was a dead silence; a horrid pause. Dan looked queer and green; Jephson grew ashy pale; I felt all now. Dipping my hand into the hamper at my side, I pulled out the brandy-bottle, and took a good nip; then, hesitating for a moment as to whether I should brain the doctor or not, passed it on to my friend.

Dan lit a cheroot, muttering something I cannot write down, but it ended with "No wonder I thought of those stinking ferrets."

It really was no wonder.

As to Jephson, he had disappeared; from behind a clump of trees there came sounds of a strong man in travail and distress. He came back in a few minutes, and took some brandy, and to say the truth I envied him the confession. In the middle of the night I followed his example, and cast off the fetid abomination. Dan, more ostrich-like, stood the test by dint of a heavy course of smoke. The poor doctor, seeing he had made a mistake, quietly slipped away; and I must perforce tell the whole truth, and confess that we "condemned" him up hill and down dale with a startling gusto and emphasis. He said in explanation (so David told me) that he thought Christians ate anything!

My little party broke up next day, and I sadly returned to solitude and the theodolite; and here, save with one further remark, this little tale naturally concludes. Since that careless, happy, free-and-easy time of youth and adventure I have married a wife, and endowed myself with a mother-in-law! So have my friends, as well; and if ever this meets their eyes, will they not join with me in reversing the remark we passed on that much abused institution of wedlock? I, at any rate, must do my duty, and thank Heaven! I may add that duty is a pleasure; happy the man, say I, who can cordially welcome the presence of his mother-in-law in his house; and whenever I see the cab with the huge black boxes which announce the visit of that venerable lady under my humble roof, I never fail to think of the Malabar doctor who showed us such strange sights in that immense colony of huge bats, which I have not untruly, yet fancifully christened, "The City of the Flying-Fox."

HEADQUARTERS

FOR CHEAP JEWELLERY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BRACELETS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR LOCKETS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR RINGS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR VEST CHAINS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR NECK CHAINS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF SETS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF PINS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR EVERYTHING IN THE Jewellery line. Inquire for full particulars. C. P. GIBSON, Manufacturing Jeweller, 208 Broadway, New York.

EMPLOYMENT.

\$50 a Month and all Expenses Paid.

AN AGENT is wanted in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may certainly be realized. For full particulars address

DR. HENRY WARNER,

54 East Twelfth St.,

Corner of Broadway, New York City.

Enclosing postage stamp. 326-29

Gold! Gold!

FULL Instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in an hour; and How to Win the Love of the Fair Sex. Sent by mail for 3 cents. Address

J. P. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

Canvassers Wanted

IN every city in the United States and Canada, for FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR. Those already engaged are realizing a handsome income. Apply personally or by letter at FRANK LESLIE'S office, 19 City Hall Square.

FANCY PIGEONS.—All kinds for sale.

Address Box 2900 P. O., Boston, Mass. 326-29

100 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY.—Sent free

on the receipt of 25 cts. Address

JOS. ADAMS, 83 Nassau St.

SOLDIERS.—A money-making project for the

consideration of those of a speculative turn of mind. Sample 30 cts., or full particulars free. 325-27 Address HUBBARD BROS., New York.

GARDNER & CO.—The largest wholesale

manufacturers of Oval Frames for Looking-glasses, Portraits, Photographs, &c. Store No. 110 Bowery, near Grand St. Factory Nos. 191 and 193 Chrystie St., New York. 325-32

Commercial Travellers and Agents

Wanted,

TO SELL OUR 25 CENT PORTFOLIO PACKAGE. Contents—18 Sheets Note Paper, 18 Envelopes, 1 Penholder, 1 Pen, 1 Pencil, 1 Blotting Pad, 100 Receipts, 1 War Hymn, 5 Engravings, 1 New Method for Computing Interest; 2 Fashionable Embroidery Designs for Collars, 4 for Undereleves, 2 for Underskirts, 1 for corner of Handkerchief, 2 for Cuffs, 1 for Silk Purse, 1 for Child's Sack, 1 Ornamental Pillow Case, 1 Puzzle Garden, and ONE BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE OF JEWELLERY. \$10 a day can be realized. Send stamp for Circular of wholesale prices. WEIR & CO., 43 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. 600

To all Wanting Farms.

NEW SETTLEMENT OF VINELAND.—30 miles from Philadelphia by Railroad. Good loam soil, highly productive for Wheat, Corn, Grass, Fruit, &c. Vegetables—good market—good climate—where farming is profitable, especially these times, and where good business openings can be found. Large numbers are settling. Society good. Farms from \$15 to \$20 per acre only. Village 5 and 10 acre lots for sale. Four years' time given. Report of SOLOMON ROBINSON, Ag. Ed. of the Tribune, who has visited the place, together with the "Vineland Rural," giving full description, will be furnished. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland P. O., Cumberland Co., New Jersey. 325-29

WEDDING CARDS.

MR. & MRS. UNION. MISS E. LOVE. These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only by JAS. EVERETT, 100 Broadway, N. Y. For specimens by Mail, send 2 stamps. 323-35

The Early Physical Degeneracy of

AMERICAN PEOPLE,

And the early melancholy decline of Childhood and Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute. A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes for Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion. 50¢ Fail not to send two red Stamps and obtain this book. Address

DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 96 Fifth St., Troy, N. Y. 319-31

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES.—

A Retired Clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free) a treatise on the means of Self-Cure. Direct, the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 321-33

A. LANGE,

PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS

FRAME

AND

CORNICES FOR ROOMS,

MADE TO ORDER, AND RE-GILDING DONE.

206 William St. cor. Frankfort, New York.

Dr. Brown's Patent Baby Tender.

THE greatest invention in the world for the comfort and convenience of Mothers and Children. By a few simple changes the child has a Hobby Horse, Baby Jumper, Sleeping Couch, Ottoman, high or low Chair and Crib. Prices for the Ottoman style, from \$12 to \$25. Standard \$25 to \$32. Send to J. S. BROWN & CO., 614 Broadway, for descriptive Circulars. 600

FURNITURE ! FURNITURE !!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF.)

NO. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

JENNY LIND AND EXTENSION POST BEDSTEADS,

Five feet wide, especially for the Southern Trade.

327 Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

NOW READY, SECOND EDITION OF

FRANK LESLIE'S WAR MAPS.

LARGE FOLIO;

Same Size as Frank Leslie's Pictorial History of the War.

Containing Maps explanatory of the Great Rebellion, with Diagrams, Plans, Topographical Charts, &c., in eight large folio Pages.

1. Map of Hilton Head Island, showing its topography, fortifications, &c.
2. Plan of the Naval Attack on Port Royal, S. C.
3. Diagram of Fort Walker.
4. Map of Port Royal, Beaufort and vicinity.
5. Entrance of Savannah River and its surroundings.
6. Map of the Southern Coast from Pensacola to Galveston Bay.
7. Coast of South Carolina.
8. Ship Island, and part of the Mississippi Coast.
9. Map of the Southern and Border States.
10. Siege Operations in Charleston Harbor.
11. Cairo and its surrounding Strategic Points.
12. Fort Pickens and Pensacola.
13. Map of the West Indies, showing the exact position of the San Jacinto when she captured Mason and Slidell.
14. Diagram of the Battle of Belmont.
15. Battle of Philippi.
16. Battle of Great Bethel.
17. Richmond and its Environs.
18. Plan of the Battle of Bull's Bluff.
19. Fortress Monroe and Newport News, Norfolk and James River.
20. Map of Hatteras Inlet, and the Coast from Fortress Monroe to Cape Lookout.
21. Map from Cape Henry to Cape Lookout.
22. Map of Cairo and its surroundings.
23. Sent of War on the Potomac, from Harper's Ferry to Mathias Point.

Single Copies Six Cents. Five Copies of this Work will be sent for 25 Cents. Address

FRANK LESLIE,

19 City Hall Square, New York.

Just Out. Just Out.

NOW IS THE TIME to get the most beautiful Invention yet. Every Officer or Private in the Army needs one. Every Gentleman, Lady or Miss must have one. Inclose 30 cts. and receive the article by return mail, with full directions. Address W. S. SALISBURY, Adams Centre, Jett. Co., N. Y. 324-27



Royal Havana Lottery,

CONDUCTED by the Spanish Government. Prizes cashed and information furnished by TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, No. 16 Wall St., N. Y.

Oratorio Chorus Book.

CONTAINING the leading Choruses of Standard Oratorios, together with Choice Selections from Favorite Cantatas for the use of Chorus, Musical Societies and Schools. Price 75 cts. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 326

"A BAROMETER FOR 50 CTS."—Correct and reliable, mailed free. Agents wanted. Circulars free. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 326-27

TWO STUDENTS AND SOLDIERS.—100 Beautifully Written Copies for complete self-instruction in Penmanship, by mail, for \$1. NATIONAL MERCANTILE COLLEGE, Philadelphia. 326

Tucker's Cabinet of Wedding Flowers,

And recherché Wreaths, with BRIDESMAIDS' SETS. His Cambray Vails are simple and very pretty. 759 BROADWAY, N. Y.

\$1 27 PROCURES, postage prepaid, Atwater's Patent Press and Book for Copying Business Letters instantly and perfectly. Thousands already sold. Agents wanted. Profits, sales and satisfaction good. Send Stamp for particulars. J. H. ATWATER, Providence, R. I. 319-26

Get the Best!

COOLEY'S CABINET PRINTING PRESS, The cheapest and best thing out. Send for Circulars, enclosing stamp. J. G. COOLEY & CO., No. 1 Spruce St., N. Y. 000

MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, How to WIN A LOVER.—Containing plain, common-sense directions, showing how all may be suitably married, irrespective of age, sex or position, whether prepossessing or otherwise, with a treatise on the art of fascinating any person you wish—a curious, scientific experiment which never fails. Free for 25 cts. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Box 2,300, Philadelphia. 000

WM. McKAIN IS MANUFACTURING a very superior kind of pure wheat coffee. It is extensively used in this country, and is highly relished by coffee drinkers. Receipts can be had for making this coffee by addressing WM. McKAIN, Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pa. 326-27

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY Oguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. 326 R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.

Employment!

A NEW ENTERPRISE!—The Franklin Sewing Machine Co. want a number of Local and Travelling Agents at a liberal salary and expenses paid. Address (with stamp) HARRIS BROTHERS, Box 302, Boston, Mass. 326-29

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS."—Do not buy "Oguents" at \$1 a box, but send 20 cts. (coin), and receive a book containing this GREAT SECRET, and many others never before published; 5th edition. Mailed free on receipt of two dimes. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY Oguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.

Mr. C. Howell Rivers,

PROFESSOR OF DANCING AND OF GENERAL DEPARTMENT OF THE BODY, No. 33 Schermerhorn St., corner of Court St., Brooklyn. Mr. Rivers has taught for nine years with unparalleled success. His dancing room is 70 by 30 feet, and exceedingly well ventilated. The quarter consists of 12 weeks, and pupils may enter at any time. 324-28

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

PUBLISHED for the benefit and as a warning to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying the means of Self-Cure. By one who cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. Single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y., by inclosing a postpaid addressed envelope. 321-33

EIGHT CARD PICTURES

For \$1, at

K. W. Beniczky & Co.'s

PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS,

No. 2 New Chambers St., cor. of Chatham St. 000

Saleable Articles!

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT of 500 fine heavy White Assorted UNION ENVELOPES, containing 50 different designs (in three colors) of the latest, most saleable and beautiful patterns for \$1. Also a room of beautiful Union Note Paper to match them for \$1. Sent as SAMPLES, Post or Express free, on receipt of price. Agents and the Trade supplied. Address CHARLES H. WILSON, Stationer, No. 8 Chatham Square, N. Y. City, care of B. LOCKWOOD, Postmaster. 220

100,000 Watches, Chains, &c., Worth \$800,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

Send for Circular, or see our advertisement in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, Feb. 10, page 207. W. FORSYTH & CO. 326 206 Broadway, cor. of Fulton St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.—To sell the McCLELLAN PORTABLE WRITING DESK,

THE MOST USEFUL FOR THE SOLDIER EVER INVENTED.

CAN BE CARRIED IN THE KNAPSACK, AND FORMS A COMPLETE WRITING-DESK. CONTAINS EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR WRITING EIGHTEEN LETTERS.

THE MOST SALEABLE ARTICLE For the Soldier now in use. Price 25 cts. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for a Circular. 326 W. H. CATELY & CO., 102 Nassau St.

AGENTS MAKE MOST, and give better satisfaction, by selling our PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.

Circulars, with full particulars, free. 326 O. HASKINS & CO., 38 Beekman St., N. Y.

PICTORIAL

HISTORY OF THE WAR

OF

1861;

DESCRIPTIVE, STATISTICAL AND DOCUMENTARY.

Edited by Hon. E. G. Squier,

Late Minister of the United States to Central America.

This work is published in semi-monthly Numbers. Its MAMMOTH SIZE allows of the largest Engravings, and it contains a complete epitome of the War in which the Country is involved, with all the Facts, Scenes, Incidents and Anecdotes connected with it, arranged chronologically, forming a contemporary and permanent History of the Time.

All Official and Important Documents, emanating North or South, appear in full, with complete and authentic Accounts and Illustrations of all the striking Incidents of the War, together with the Portraits of leading Officers and Statesmen, Plans and Views of Fortifications, Maps, etc., etc.

Fifteen Numbers have already been published, containing FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS, and an amount of reading matter equivalent to 4,000 octavo pages. Among the illustrations (which embrace authentic views of all places and positions rendered important by the incidents of the war), may be enumerated the following: PORTRAITS, MAPS AND PLANS:

Portraits.—Generals Anderson and Beauregard; Lieut. Slemmer, of Fort Pickens; Gen. B. F. Butler; Col. Ellsworth; Maj.-Gen. Harney; Maj.-Gen. McClellan; Capt. Roger Jones; Col. Frank F. Blair; Gen. Braxton Bragg; Maj.-Gen. Banks; Brig.-Gen. Lyon; Gen. Sigel; Gen. Sterling Price; Gen. Ben. McCulloch; Gen. Rosecrans; Brig.-Gen. Kautley; Col. Farnham; Maj.-Gen. McDowell; Brig.-Gen. Mansfield; Col. Baker, of Oregon; Col. Corcoran, of N. Y.; Brig.-Gen. Burnside; Col. Cameron; Col. Abel Smith; Col. Lewis Wallace; Gen. Runyon; Maj.-Gen. Fremont; Com. Stringham; Brig.-Gen. Lane; Brig.-Gen. McKinstry; Col. Alfred M. Wood, etc. Also, Messrs. A. B. Roman, of Louisiana; John Forsyth, of Alabama; Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia (late Commissioners in Washington of the Southern Confederation); Edmund Ruffin, of Va.; Gov. Letcher, of Va.; Gov. Dennison, of Ohio; Gov. Frank Pierpont, of Va.; Mayor Bertritt, of Washington; Gov. Sprague, of R. I.; Gov. Curtis, of Pa.; Gov. Kirkwood, of Iowa; William H. Seward; Gideon Welles; Caleb B. Smith; Montgomery Blair; R. P. Chase; Simon Cameron, and Attorney-General Bates; Brig.-Gen. Lander; Com. Wilkes; Gen. Velle; Com. Dupont; Gen. Sickles, etc., etc.

MAPS AND PLANS.—Of the Southern and Border States, 26x24 inches; of Pamlico and Albemarle Sound, N. C.; Forts Hatteras and Clark; Battle of Carnifax Ferry; Battle of Bull Run (official); Seat of War in Eastern Virginia; Manassas junction and its approaches; Seat of War in Missouri; Battle of Great Bethel; Harper's Ferry and surrounding country; Washington and adjacent positions; Cairo and surrounding country; Fortress Monroe and its vicinity; Plan of Battle of Philippi; Fortifications of Newport News; Pensacola Bay and Fortifications; Charleston Harbor and its approaches; Paducah and surrounding country; Lexington, Mo., and vicinity; Fight at Chancellorsville; Bombardment of Fort Walker; Hilton Head Island; Approaches to Charleston and Savannah; Mouth of the Mississippi; Battle of Belmont, etc., etc.

Each Number is exquisitely printed on fine thick paper, in large clear type, and is stitched in a cover with a beautiful illustrated Title Page. Published every fortnight. Terms, 25 Cents per Number.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,

19 City Hall Square, N. Y.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE!—

Magnifying small objects 500 times, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. in silver and one three-cent stamp. Five of different powers free of postage, \$1. Address F. B. BOWEN, Lock Box 220, Boston, Mass. 322-250

MURRAY, EDDY & CO.'S

LOTTERIES!

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES

Kentucky

AND

Missouri,

Draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of Sworn Commissioners.

327 The Managers' Offices are located at Covington Kentucky, and St. Louis, Missouri.

PRIZES VARY FROM

\$2 50 TO \$100,000!

Tickets from \$2 50 to \$20!

327 Circulars, giving full explanation and the Schemes to be drawn, will be sent, free of expense by addressing

MURRAY, EDDY & CO., Covington, Kentucky

OR

MURRAY, EDDY & CO., St. Louis, Missouri.

READY SATURDAY, FEB. 15TH,

No. 8. No. 8.



BEADLE'S
Dime Song Book,
NO. 8.

A COLLECTION OF
NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Price Ten Cents. For sale by all Newsdealers,
Booksellers and Army Sutlers. Sent, postpaid, on
receipt of price.
BEADLE & CO.,
Publishers, New York.

CHARLES HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE.

This popular Wine, of which the undersigned are
SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH AMERICA,
Received the First Premium at the
BORDEAUX EXPOSITION IN 1859.
The Medal awarded by the judges can be seen at our office.
C. W. BAYAUD & BERARD, 100 Pearl St., N. Y.

A Lamp Chimney that will not Break.

MADE FOR THE MILLION.



This invention possesses many ad-
vantages over the glass Chimneys now
used on Coal Oil Lamps. They do not
break from the heat, cleaning or any or-
dinary usage. They fit all the Burners
now in use. For particulars call or ad-
dress the Patentee and Manufacturer,
AMOS HORNING, Agent,
No. 321 North Second St.,
Philadelphia,
Successor to Horning & Humphrey.

323-290



SKATES 25 cts. to \$25. Everything in the
Skating line (except ponds) to suit all ages,
sexes, tastes and purses.
CONOVER & WALKER, 474 Broadway, N. Y.
Out of town orders attended to carefully and promptly
0000

Wesson's Breech-Loading Rifle.



Length of Barrel, 24 inches; Diameter of Bore,
32-100 of an inch; weight only 6 pounds.
This is the best Rifle yet invented, its great superi-
ority consisting of rapidity and facility of Loading,
and being used with a metallic Cartridge, there is no
escape at the breech, and cannot possibly be loaded
improperly; shoots with perfect accuracy; can be
used all day without cleaning, and will not heat with
the most rapid firing
J. W. STORRS,
Sole Agent, 255 Broadway.

Also Agent for Smith & Wesson's Revolvers and
Cartridges. 313-380

GREENE & GLADDING,

No. 63 Cortlandt Street, New York.
COGNAC AND ROCHELLE BRANDIES.
JAMAICA AND ST. CROIX RUMS.
SCOTCH AND IRISH WHISKIES.
PORT, MADEIRA AND SHERRY WINES.
BOURBON, MONSIEUR HILL AND RYE WHISKIES,
some very old and fine.
All the above by the gallon or bottle. FAMILY
CASES of 12 Bottles (assorted), Seven Dollars. 3190

STEINWAY & SONS'



PATENT
OVERSTRUNG
GRAND
AND SQUARE
PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured,
and will be sold to suit the times. Each Instrument
warranted for five years. Warehouses, Nos. 82 and 84
Walker St. near Broadway, N. Y. Send for Circular.
3220

RUPTURE CURED by DR. RIGGS, 2 Bar-
clay St., New York. Call or send 3 cent stamp
for pamphlet.

Fredricks' New and Magnificent PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

587 BROADWAY.

Life-Size Photographs on Canvas, painted in the
very best manner in Oil or Pencil, at greatly reduced
prices.
Imperial Photographs retouched in India Ink and
Water Colors.

Ivorytypes from Miniature sizes to Imperial.
Cartes de Visite, full length figures or vignettes.
Albums—A very large variety of French Albums,
suitable for Cartes de Visite, to hold from 30 to 200
Cards. We invite the ladies especially to examine
our large assortment of rich French Cases and Frames
suitable for Ivory Miniatures, Cartes de Visites and
other Pictures.
Photographs of DISTINGUISHED PERSONS for sale.
0000

SUTLERS' SUPPLIES.

ARMORER'S OIL, SOLDIERS' COMPANIONS,
GLOVES, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, POP CORN,
CAMP KNIVES, TOBACCO, PISTOLS, ZINC MIRROR,
PRESERVED MEATS, CONDENSED MILK, AUSTRIAN
VERMIL DESTROYER, PIPES, and a full assortment
of Goods for SUTLERS, at the lowest cash prices.

B. & H. D. HOWARD,

320-270

245 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Park.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY
FAMILY.—Agents Wanted. Merchants and
Dealers supplied. Circulars sent FREE. Satisfaction
guaranteed. For terms, &c., inclose stamp.
240 C. RICE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, N. Y.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO ALL!—Desira-
ble information sent for three-cent stamp
by W. EDGAR, 321 Pearl St., New York. 322-250



CAPTAIN A. H. FOOTE, U. S. NAVY, COMMANDING THE GUNBOAT FLOTILLA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 214.

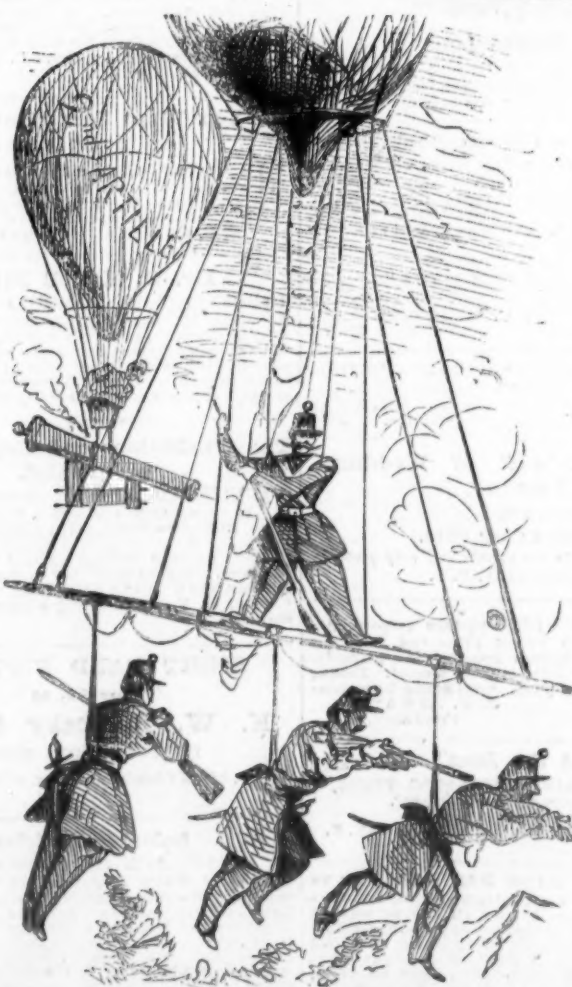
AGENTS WANTED.

WE have this day purchased the right and title
of Granville's Improved Portable Writing
Desk and Checker Board combined, furnished complete
with Stationery and Stationery Articles, Set of Check-
ers and an elegant Gift of Jewellery, all of which we
guarantee to be of a much superior article and larger
quantity than is contained in any Desk or Stationery
Package manufactured. The Desk is far more dura-
ble and better finished than any heretofore made by
other parties. Nearly every soldier, traveller, artist,
teacher or scholar will buy one or more. We whole-
sale them at the regular price for Prize Stationery
Packages. They will retail for twice as much as any
Prize Stationery Package manufactured. Will sell
faster and give better satisfaction. For further par-
ticulars address
J. W. YALE,
Proprietor Metropolitan Gift Book Store,
Syracuse, N. Y.
325-260

THE MOST SPLENDID CHANCES ever of-
fered to Agents and Soldiers! No humbug. Par-
ticulars mailed free. Address Box 362, Syracuse, N. Y.
324-270

AGENTS WANTED.—You should be on your
guard against a NEW IMITATION of our
package. Unable to effect sales in any other way, they
print their Package in colors like ours—as to DE-
CEIVE AGENTS unacquainted with their WORTH-
LESS TRASH they put in them. We do not SEAL
OUR PACKAGES as others do, because we are not
ashamed of the quality of their contents. THE UNION
PRIZE STATIONERY AND RECIPE PACKAGE
AND ENVELOPE CONTAIN MORE STATIONERY
and of a better quality, and a finer PIECE OF JEW-
ELLERY than any package put up in this or any
other city. Send for our Circulars, which we will mail
free. \$5 to \$10 per day can be made. We put in each
Package a beautiful and life-like engraving of
GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, 6x10.

75 Valuable Recipes; 4 Sheets Commercial Note
Paper; 6 Sheets Ladies' Note Paper; 6 White Union
Envelopes, in colors; 6 Ladies' White Union En-
velopes; 6 Sheets Ladies' Billet Paper; 6 Buff En-
velopes; 2 Fine Steel Pens; 1 Fine Pencil; 1 Sheet
Blotting Paper; 1 Accommodation Penholder.
ALSO A VALUABLE PIECE OF JEWELLERY.
RICKARDS & CO.,
102 Nassau St., New York.
3260



Flying Artillery—a Hint to General McClellan how to "advance on Richmond."

WAR.—WE WANT THE ADDRESS of
every soldier in the Union army. We wish
to send to every soldier something that will increase
his comfort. Also the address of every Suttler and
dealer in goods for the soldier.
W. H. CATELY & CO., 102 Nassau St.
3260

To Stencil Canvassers.

SAVE your money by sending for a Price List of
STENCIL DIES and MATERIAL manufactured at
HICKSON'S STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
3260 280 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

ROOT AGAIN BEFORE THE PUBLIC. The Heliographic Art.

TO obtain a faithful Portrait by the Heliographic
Art, while in health, of father, mother, sister,
brother or valued friend, is almost every one's reli-
gious duty. M. A. ROOT, of No. 949 Broadway and
No. 179 Fifth Av., near Fifth Avenue Hotel, offers his
services to his friends and the public. He takes Da-
guerreotypes, Ivorytypes, Photographs, Card Pic-
tures, Stereoscopic Portraits or Groups of Portraits
finished in India ink, water and oil colors. Mr. ROOT
is well known for the past 17 years as one of the best
artists in the city, and warrants his pictures to be
unexcelled by any other establishment in the world.
N. B.—No connection with any other gallery. 3260

Grover & Baker's CELEBRATED NOISELESS SEWING MACHINES

For Family and Manufacturing Use,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The GROVER & BAKER S. M. Co. now offer, in
addition to their splendid stock of Machines making
the celebrated Grover & Baker stitch, new and super-
ior Shuttle or "Lock-Stitch" Machines, adapted to
all varieties of sewing. Much more Simple, Durable,
Noiseless and Perfect than any "lock-stitch" machines
heretofore in use. 323-250

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

ALL Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Wash-
ington, Fortress Monroe, Hatteras Inlet, Port
Royal, and all other places, should be sent, at half
rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broad-
way. Sutlers charged low rates. 325-380

STATIONERY.

BLANK BOOKS. DIARIES FOR 1862.

Everything in our line at the very lowest prices.
Orders solicited. FRANCIS & LOUTREL,
Stationers, Printers and Bookbinders,
325-260 No. 45 Maiden Lane, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1839.

THE GENUINE



IN BARRELS, HALF BARRELS AND CASES.
Shipped direct, to parties ordering, from Kentucky,
or furnished from office of the Distillery, 24 Old Slip,
N. Y. Orders should be directed "ST. LOUIS DISTIL-
LERIES, Jefferson County, Ky." 326-290

A FREE GIFT FOR ALL!—Send 3 cent stamp
for return postage to ROBERTSON & CO.,
82 Nassau St., New York. 3260

25 CTS. IN \$1 CLEAR SAVING!—Sub-
scribers to all Newspapers and Periodicals
should immediately send 3 cent stamp for Circular of
"Rural Keystone Club" to P. SUTTON, Ransom,
Penn. 3260

Microscopes 28 cts. Each,

MAGNIFYING 500 times, mailed on receipt of
price. Five of different powers, \$1. Ad-
dress F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. 3260



TIFFANY & CO.,

LATE

TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS.

Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver
Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art
and Luxury.
No. 350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
HOUSE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO.

DUNLOP'S ALES.

XX, XXX, STOUT, PORTER AND EAST INDIA
PALE ALE.
319-44 WM. MARR, Agent, 56 Liberty St., N. Y.